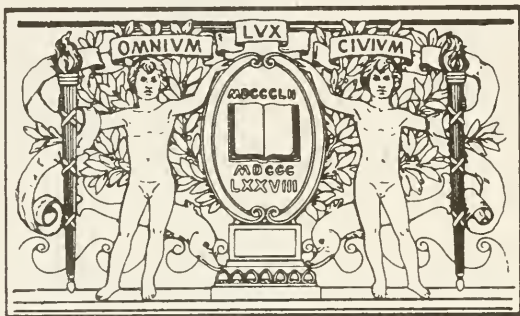


NEW BOOK
OF
TWO HUNDRED PICTURES



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OUT OF HUMOUR.

HERBERT is in a very bad humour, as you can see by his sullen face and the way he is standing with his hands behind him, while his kind grandmother waits to put on his only pair of trousers, which she has just made for the cross little fellow. It would be a good plan to keep him in the house all the afternoon. The dog does not look better pleased than his master; but we cannot blame him for pouting.



HOUSE-HUNTING.

THIS old gentleman is looking for a house in town, and has had a tiresome tramp, examining the outside and inside of all the dwellings which have the notice "To Let" on their doors. He wants a comfortable home for himself and his sister ; and perhaps he is suited at last. If there are any children next door or in the neighbourhood, Mr. Norwood will not be long in making their acquaintance ; for, sober as he looks, he likes fun as well as anybody, and his pockets generally contain something to please his little favourites.



PLEASE LET ME GO.

JESSIE has been in the fields, picking blackberries ; and, although she is tired, she is asking her mother's leave to take tea with her dear friend Caroline.

"Have you not been together for two or three hours already ? I should think to-morrow at school would be quite time to meet again."

"Oh, mother, you know we always have something to tell each other : so please let me go."

It was strange that these girls could find so many subjects of conversation, when they met so frequently. They have never had a quarrel ; which cannot be said of all "intimate friends."



HELPFUL ROGER.

MRS. MARTYN shades her eyes as she watches Roger go down the path to bring a bucket of water from the well. He is a very active, obliging boy, and prefers to do any errand rather than lounge about unemployed. This is the right spirit,—to be willing to help in any work, and never to feel ashamed of honest labour. A merchant had a clerk who grumbled about a package which he was told to carry to a certain house: so his employer, who heard the complaint, walked out of the store with it himself, leaving the fellow ashamed of his silly pride.



PLAITING STRAW.

IN the countries where straw hats and bonnets are made, the braid is plaited by women and children, who are paid by the men who come every few weeks to collect the work. No neater nor more industrious fingers could be found than the little maiden's in our picture; and the money she earns is a great help to her grandmother. I wonder what some girls who have so many "sewing-aches" would think of the young worker who sometimes does not leave her seat until the tall clock in the corner has struck the hour three times?



BERNARD IN THE KITCHEN.

BERNARD gets very tired of being in-doors when the weather is so stormy that he is obliged to stay at home. He has played horse alone,—which cannot be very amusing; has written a letter to his father, read over his library-book, and painted some pictures: so he can think of nothing else to do but a visit to the kitchen. Cooks are not fond of the questions of little folks, nor of their meddlesome ways; and, as Bernard is both talkative and curious, he is not sure of a welcome. If he will eat his cake quietly, with puss for a playmate, I think he can stay for a while.



THE GRATEFUL CHILD.

FIVE doves have been bought for Barbara by her father, and she is giving him, in return, a grateful hug and kiss. Children often receive presents as a matter of course, and forget to thank their parents or friends. There are some precious gifts which we all enjoy every day through the kindness of our heavenly Father. I knew a little girl who was talking to her sister after both were in bed, and, when her mother asked what they were saying, answered, "I am helping Mary count our blessings. We have got up to thirty."



DETERMINED TO STUDY.

GOOD-BY, then. I'm off for a frolic with the boys, and hope you may enjoy yourself as much, poring over that stupid book." These were Abner's words after spending some time in vain efforts to persuade his friend to leave his lesson and join a nutting-party. Moreton covered his ears with his hands, and, with elbows on the table, looked determined to think of nothing but the task before him. Although it is not an easy one, we may expect a boy with so much determination will overcome the difficulties.



PAPER DOLLS.

DID you ever see a funnier-looking paper doll than the one Henrietta has just cut out? Just look at its nose and its arm! The one on the table is so much better shaped that I think her mother must have been at work upon it. Henrietta is often sick, and quiet amusements suit her best. She can crochet and knit very well, and last Christmas worked a pair of slippers for her brother. He is a tall young man; and so you may guess it needed a great many stitches to make them large enough.



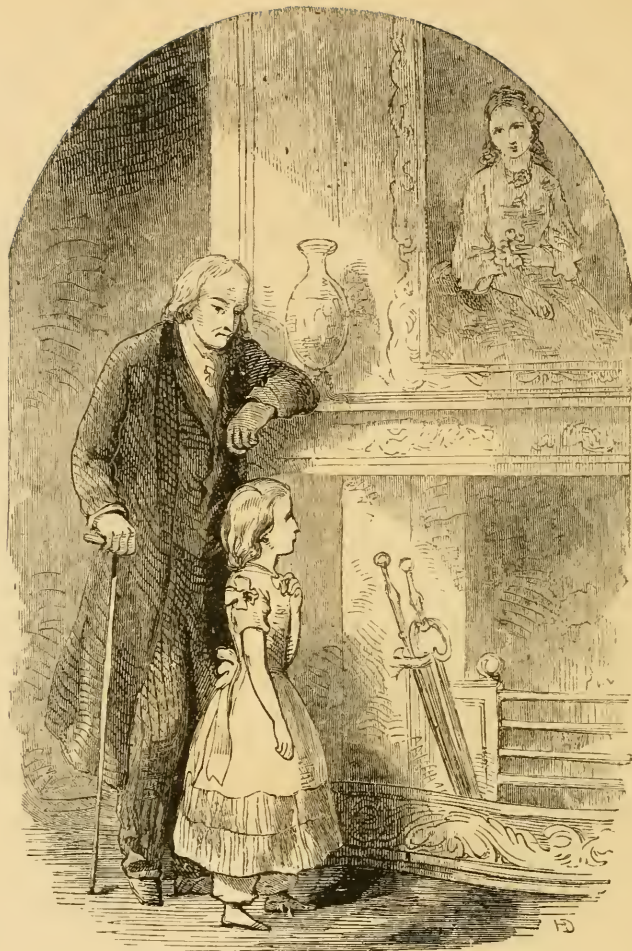
KIND TO THE POOR.

TWO little beggars from the street have come into Mrs. Wilson's warm kitchen on ironing-day. They have a pitiful story to tell of neglect and want; and no one could listen more kindly or help more readily than this good woman. I dare say she will give them a seat by the fire, and a large slice of bread-and-butter, while she hunts up some warm garments and boots, that her children have outgrown. Mrs. Wilson will not be satisfied with doing only this, but will try to teach the poor children a short prayer or Bible-verse, and ask them to come to Sunday-school.



UNPACKING THE TRUNK.

IT is not wonderful that Fanny looks sad and puzzled. She has been sent to boarding-school, and feels very forlorn among strangers; and, having never learned to arrange her clothes and books, she is wondering where places for all can be found. Another girl is to share the room: so it will not do to use all the nails and drawers, and many of the articles littered around will have to be returned to the trunk. "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," is a rule that cannot be too early learned.



MAMMA'S PICTURE.

GRANDPA, is that a picture of my own mamma? Aunt Meta said I should see a portrait of her when I came to visit you."

"Yes, darling: that was painted just before your mother was married. She died when you were not a year old; and your aunt has had the care of you ever since."

"I know, grandpa; and she often talks about mamma. I never can be half so good; for it seems to me she never did wrong."

"That is a great mistake, Lucy: all have done wrong."



THE NEW PONY.

ELLEN has had a Shetland pony given her for a birthday present; and she is now taking her first ride, while her father is walking near. Unless pony travels very slowly, Mr. Linton will have hard work to keep up. Ellen is a very obliging girl, and will be glad to let her cousins take turns in riding. She has not quite decided what name to give the new favourite, but thinks "Brownie" will suit. Her brother would like to make him useful in drawing a light carriage; but this plan has not been confided to any one as yet.



ARCTIC REGIONS.

HOW would you like to live in a country where the sun does not shine for many weeks,—where the ice is piled so high that it looks like mountains,—where the heaviest clothing is necessary to keep you warm? Arctic explorers have endured great suffering, and risked their lives, in scientific discoveries; and some good men have gone from their comfortable homes to teach the inhabitants of these cheerless climes about the Bible and their duty to God. The dogs in these cold climates are shaggy and strong, and useful in pulling the sledges over the snow and ice.



THE TEASING BOY.

CHARLIE is a boy who has very little patience. His mother promised to show him a new picture-book she had bought at the Sunday-School Union. She was very busy mending his jacket; and yet every few minutes he would come behind her chair, and say, "Do show it to me now. I can't wait any longer." This habit of teasing makes a child very disagreeable; but we should not see it so often if mothers taught the little ones that "no" means "no," and that they will gain nothing by asking for the same thing repeatedly.



ROBERT'S LARGE KITE.

DON'T you wish you had a kite as large as this one which Lina Redfield and her brother have just finished? It is covered with pictures cut out from some old illustrated papers, and it took much time and trouble to paste them smoothly. Robert is impatient to fasten on the tail and to try how it will fly in a good wind. His school-mate Sam Thompson had a kite in the shape of a bird; and it would deceive almost any one when sailing over the trees. One day the string broke, and in falling the kite was torn in pieces.



LOST! LOST! LOST!

DING-A-LING! ding-a-ling! goes a large bell a man is ringing in the street. What is the matter? A boy is lost! He had light hair, dark-brown eyes, a plaid frock, and white apron. The street-lamps are lighted, and it is time Archie was in his bed at home. His mother is a very industrious woman, and when she is out at her daily tasks she is obliged to leave her boy either with a neighbour, or trust him alone in her room. A man with an organ came up the court, and Archie was last seen, among other children, listening to the music. I hope he will soon be found, and brought to his mother.



PLAYING WITH FIRE.

SARAH had often been warned about playing with fire. One morning near the Fourth of July she was alone in the kitchen. Harry had bought some crackers and rockets which his father intended to set off. "He would give me a few," she thought, "and here is a box of matches: so I will just set off two or three." Sarah's conscience was not quite easy, and soon a smell of burnt clothing startled her, and she saw that her dress and skirts were in a blaze. The poor girl did the worst thing possible,—rushed out into the street, where the wind fanned the flames, instead of rolling on the carpet and trying to smother them.



THE DOVE'S ESCAPE.

A DOVE is in the cage, and, although the children like to look at the captive and to feed it, their mother has persuaded them to give the bird its liberty. Perhaps in their wanderings in the neighbourhood they may spy its white feathers among the trees. Willie and his sisters have been spending the summer in a mountainous part of the country, and have learned to climb the hills and take long walks. One Saturday they had a picnic party on Mt. Clinton; and it was fine fun to carry the provisions and cook some of them over a fire in the woods.



BUY ANY CHERRIES?

MRS. WALLACE and her sister were going out one morning, when a bright-looking child stopped them near the garden-gate, saying, "Don't your folks want any cherries? They are ripe and sweet." The ladies paid for the fruit, and told Mary to take it to the house. As she entered, she met Susie Wallace, who exclaimed at the beautiful cherries, and then asked the little girl why she did not come to Sunday-school the day before, as she had promised. "Our teacher was expecting you, because I told her I had found a new scholar." Mary had no excuse to give. "Well," said Susie, "I intend to call for you next Sunday; and then it will be all right."



NURSERY TEA-PARTY.

WOULD you like to have a chair by the table with Emily and Florence? They are going to drink real tea from their toy cups, and the milk-jug has just been filled from the pitcher in the pantry. Bread-and-butter, and nice slices of meat, are on the plates, and plum jelly is in a jar besides. Just now an unpleasant interruption has made the children forget the supper, and they are looking at some toys which have been broken by a careless step on the floor. It is well their mother has come in to prevent any quarrelling about the mischief.



NEST ON THE WATER.

A BIRD had built its nest on a branch of a tree overhanging the stream, and a strong wind has blown it down, with the pretty eggs. How disappointed Mrs. Robin will feel, when she returns from her breakfast, to find her house gone! Boys often destroy nests without thinking much of the trouble they give the little builders. Juliet and Frank have been taught to be kind to all dumb creatures; and they have a number of pet rabbits, pigeons, guinea-pigs, and even several turtles brought from the woods. Turtles live to be very old, and sometimes they are found with the date on their shell, which has been cut there forty or fifty years before.



MAGGIE'S GARDEN.

COME, papa, let me show you my garden. William gave me some seeds, and they are all planted,—salad, and peas, and cucumbers, and radishes. And there are to be flowers, too. Won't I be glad when I bring in a plate of vegetables of my own raising?" "I suppose so, Maggie; but before that time there will be a great many weeds to be pulled up, and your hoe and rake and watering-pot must be kept busy, and——" "Oh, I know what you are going to say; but just see if I don't persevere this time."



THE SCARLET CREEPER.

THERE is to be a Sunday-school festival in the village; and these children intend to take some of the pretty creeper to decorate the room. They have been for some time collecting money to buy a library for some destitute school; and, now that enough is secured, all the contributors, and some of their friends, are to hold a meeting and listen to an address from a Sunday-school missionary. He will tell them how much good and how much pleasure their gift will afford; and they will be fully repaid for their efforts.



THE STUDIOUS BOY.

YOU never saw a boy more fond of reading than Sam Drisler. Whenever he can get a few minutes' rest, he is sure to take up a book. He is determined to *learn*, and hopes to know as much as the principal of the academy, or the minister. It would not be easy to puzzle him with questions from his mental arithmetic; and his teacher praises his accurate recitations in other studies. Whenever his mother needs his help, he ought to give it promptly and cheerfully; for his learning will be of little use unless he is a kind, obedient son.



THE TAME ROBIN.

DURING the cold weather the robins have been fed every day with crumbs scattered on the roof of the piazza; and some of them have become so gentle that when the warm days came they hopped into the dining-room, and even alighted on the table. The family are quietly watching one little fellow who is getting a good breakfast. "Jenny and the Birds" is a book which tells much that would interest a child in their habits and teach him many facts in natural history.



ELLA AND HER BROTHER.

PLEASE don't go walking with any grown-up girls to-day," said Ella Gordon to her brother, who was at home from college for the holidays.

"No, pussy: I will take you this time. The wind is piercing cold, and you will need the thickest clothing."

Ella was soon made "warm as toast," and started off in fine spirits. The snow-storms where she lives are often very severe, and the drifts so high that the roads are blocked up for a long time, and any signs of spring are heartily welcomed.



THE LITTLE MARKET-MAN.

BUY any apples, ma'am? They are very cheap.
Only ten cents a bushel."

"I will take all you have, sir, and as many more as you can bring me at that price.

Herbert was pretending to be a "market-man," and had filled his wheelbarrow with large stones for apples. His brothers go to school, and, as he often feels lonesome, his mother plays with him. Sometimes he pretends to be a gardener looking for employment; and then Mrs. Brinton hires him to weed one of the beds, and pays good wages when the work is done. Half of the money Herbert puts in his missionary-box.



SAILING BOATS.

EDMUND'S boat is much larger than his sister's, but perhaps will sail no better. It is named "The Clipper." Old Thomas, the gardener, who has lived at Mr. Walton's, took great pains in making the little vessels, and his wife rigged them with sails and flags. Edmund is anxious to go to sea when he is older; but a few weeks on board a ship would give him some new ideas about a sailor's life. Sleeping in a hammock, eating "hard tack," and climbing masts in stormy weather, have cured many boys of their fancy for the sea.



GEORGE AND HIS DOG PONTO.

PONTO is George Stevenson's dog, and George is telling his friend about his smartness and his amusing tricks. He minds every word George says, and, without waiting to be told, brings him his hat, coat, and gloves when he supposes he is going out to walk. His master has taught him to pretend to be asleep, to walk on his hind-feet, and to sit up with a stick in his paws. If Ponto ever does any thing which has been forbidden, he looks very much ashamed, and walks slowly along, as if conscious that he does not deserve to be noticed.



TIRED OF BED.

DEAR mamma, do, please, let me get up and sit in the large chair by the window. I am so tired of staying in bed !”

“Wait till we hear what the doctor says. You have been more patient than I expected a little girl would be who has not been used to such restraint. You have often wished for a holiday ; but this is not a pleasant change from lessons.”

“No, indeed, mamma ; and after this, when I want to lie in bed in the mornings, I shall try to be glad I may get up. How I pity Charlie Carver, who has been sick so long ! I intend to lend him some of my books, and that puzzle uncle brought from New York.”



BABY GETTING DRESSED.

OH, please let me tie the baby's frock. I can do it just as well as nurse; and then I will brush his hair till it shines. When will he learn how to walk and talk, mother?"

"Not for a long time; but you can soon teach him to play peep, and to shake his rattle and notice your toys."

"Sarah Bolton says her brother is a plague,—that he tears her books, and just when she gets a high house built of blocks he is sure to knock it over. But I don't believe I will ever think Willie a torment."



MISSIONARY MEETING.

THESE girls are having a missionary meeting of their own. Clara Moreton is chairman, and Lucy is writing the minutes, while one of her companions is giving a statement of the amount of money in the treasury. Some curiosities from distant lands have been given to the young workers; and a large globe helps them to understand where the people live who need the "lamp of life" to shine on their sin and ignorance. If the children do not become "weary in well-doing," we may expect good results from their self-denying interest in the missionary work.



PUSSY'S RIDE.

EDWARD has no brothers nor sisters; but a dear little cousin is spending the summer at his home, and he often takes her out riding under the large chestnut-trees. Just now you see that Bessie is not in the carriage, but Miss Tabby, who seems quite sedate while lying on the cushions. She is a very useful cat, and a great favourite with every one in the house. She jumps upon Bessie's lap sometimes, and rubs her cold nose on the baby's hands and face, but never was known to scratch but once, when her tail was pulled rather too hard for comfort.



UNDER THE APPLE-TREES.

WHAT large red apples! May I have a dozen, papa? I don't intend to eat them all. Three shall be for Walter, three for mamma, and I want to take two of the best to Lawrence. You know he does not get fruit often."

"Certainly, my daughter: you shall have them all, as soon as you bring a basket from the house. I am glad to see you sharing your pleasures with others."

A selfish child cannot be loved nor be happy; and it is sad to notice how some boys and girls are always contriving to get their own way in all things.



ORANGE-SELLERS.

NICE sweet oranges! Here they are,—two for five cents.” The lady and gentleman in the street seem to be in a hurry to get home this cold day, and are not inclined to purchase any fruit from the bare-footed boy and girl who are eagerly offering it for sale.

It is a pity that young children should be exposed to the storms, and, still worse, to the bad company they are sure to find in the streets. How pleasant it would be if each one could meet with such friends as did “Maria Cheeseman, the Candy-Girl”!



SAILOR'S LETTER.

MRS. PLANE has just received a letter from her son, who is a sailor, and the news startles herself and her visitors, for it is an account of a shipwreck on the coast of England, and the wonderful escape of Henry and eight of his companions. When the wind blows hard at night, his mother often thinks of her son on the ocean, and prays that he may be kept in safety. It is a great comfort that he makes the Bible his compass and tries to exert a good influence upon his shipmates. The captain says he would trust Henry as fully as one of the officers.



TIRED OF WORK.

HOW sad Matilda looks! She is tired of dusting and sweeping, and thinks she will leave the room in disorder and care nothing about it. A neighbour has stepped in with some cheering words and good advice, to which I hope Matilda will listen. She is like some children who think every thing a trouble, and grumble when asked to help their parents, as if it were a great hardship to leave their play or reading. The pleasure of being useful can be felt by all who try the experiment; and there are opportunities every day to take something from the "heap of misery" and to add to the "heap of happiness."



RUTH'S GARDEN.

RUTH is very fond of flowers, and has a number in bloom, which she has raised from seeds or slips, and in the pleasant afternoons much of her time is spent in weeding the garden and trimming the bushes. She has taken a beautiful plant from a pot for one of her school-mates to carry home. It will look bright and cheerful in the small yard where such treasures are seldom seen; and the blossoms will ornament a vase on the mantel. Ruth is generous about other things besides her flowers; and her kind disposition makes her a general favourite.



NANNIE AND THE BIRDS.

HOW sober Nannie looks, as she watches the birds near her feet! It is not to be wondered at that she is thoughtful, when you remember all the duties that come upon the little maiden, and the many steps the weary feet must take each day. Her father is at work in a neighbouring town, at his trade as a painter; her mother is sick, and four children must be washed and fed and dressed, and no one to do all this but the oldest sister. This spring morning she has been to the great house up the road on an errand, and is glad to rest on the old log by the gate and to gather the flowers growing near.



A PLEASANT AFTERNOON.

MAY has come to spend an hour or two with Frances, and brought her doll. After looking at the large Noah's-ark and the cloth elephant, and playing battle-door, and jumping the rope, they are seated for a quiet talk.

"Did you ever see the 'Memoirs of a Doll'?" said May. "Mother gave it to me last week."

"Yes, indeed: I have read it two or three times. Suppose we pretend our dolls had a wedding, and went on a journey, as that one did."

"Very well; but don't have a railroad-accident to kill one of them, as poor Fortunatus had his head taken off."



THE COLPORTEUR.

IN some countries there are no book-stores, where Bibles and good books can be bought, and therefore men are employed, called "colporteurs," who travel over the mountains and through the villages, trying to induce the people to buy the word of life. They give away many copies to those who are too poor to purchase. The Sunday-school missionaries in our own land do the same kind of work. Will you not help them to do this? Children who have more books than they can read, and who can borrow and buy others, know nothing of the way in which these volumes are treasured in destitute places.



LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

MRS. RISDEN can sketch from nature very beautifully; and the view from the sitting-room window is to be painted for a Christmas-present to her husband. Her attention is often distracted from the pleasant work by watching her little daughter. Once Maria spoiled a picture entirely, when Mrs. Ridden went out of the room for a few minutes, by daubing some red paint on a green tree. The child really thought she had made a great improvement, and could hardly understand her mother's expressions of dismay. She is not mischievous, generally, and of course was readily forgiven.



THE TAME CANARY.

CANARY-BIRDS can be made very tame and obedient. They can be laid to sleep in a cradle, put on a toy horse and in a swing, and even taught to stand on a pistol while it is fired off. Many children in Philadelphia and in other places have seen the birds trained by Signor Blitz do these things, and other tricks quite as wonderful. How much time and patience were required to teach them! I think, from the frightened looks of the girls in the picture, that their bird is not accustomed to leave its cage. Isabella is keeping very still while her sister tries to catch the runaway.



THE CITY GIRL.

HELEN DE WITT must suffer from the cold this wintry day. Her light clothing and tight kid gloves cannot keep out the piercing blast; but she thinks herself finely dressed, and passes quite scornfully the children who are going to school well wrapped up. There is a very interesting book, called "Kitty Maynard; or, Scenes at School," about a girl who was astonished to find how much more the children in a village school knew than she did, and about the troubles into which she was led by her vanity and self-conceit.



THE YOUNG TEACHER.

GERALD is several years older than Emma ; but he does not know how to read, and she is trying to teach him from her book. He would be glad to go to Sunday-school if he could read "just a little," he says, because he is too big to be put in the A B C class with the smallest children. Every afternoon, when the weather permits, the teacher and scholar meet under the large tree ; for Gerald is too bashful to come into the house. Did you ever read "Kitty Brown and her Little School," about the way some ignorant boys were taught by Miss Preston's scholars ?



THE SHOEMAKER.

JOHN SMITH is the best shoemaker in the little town of Weldon, and therefore he has plenty of custom. His daughter Susie is in the same class at Sunday-school with Blanche, and, as she was absent yesterday, her companion has called to bring her a library-book and to inquire if she is sick. The shoemaker's daughter is a great help to him. He may well call her his sunbeam; for she makes the house bright with her cheerful voice, and keeps every thing in order. She must be just such a girl as "Sunny Madge," and would be a treasure in any house in the land.



THE OLD BASKET-MAKER.

OLD Willy cannot do any active work now; but he dislikes to be idle, and spends part of his time in making baskets for the market-people. He is happy in having a small dwelling free from rent, and more happy still in thinking of all the blessings he has experienced in years past, as well as of those now left to him. He knows many chapters of the Bible by heart, and, while at work, sometimes repeats them aloud. No one hears him complain of being lame and feeble; but many times he is heard to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."



READING TO CHILDREN.

IN some parts of England there are large fields of hops, which look beautiful, and which need a great many hands to gather the blossoms and pack them in baskets. Children can do this as well as grown persons; and, when the hop-picking time arrives, they travel from the cities with their parents and others. Most of them are ignorant, quarrelsome, and profane, with no one to care properly for their bodies or souls. A young lady has induced some of them to listen to some Bible-stories, and to learn a prayer and a few verses of hymns.



THE BRACELET FOUND.

MISS DUNSTAN lost a gold bracelet in the lane, one afternoon, and these honest children have come to tell her they had found it in the grass. Their mother had tried to persuade them to say nothing about the matter; but Jack answered, "Oh, indeed, I never could feel easy to keep it from the lady. She has been so kind to us; and then she taught me never to forget, 'Thou God seest me!'" Jack did not expect to be rewarded for doing right; but I think he will get a nice little book, and a large slice of cake for himself and his sister.



THE LOAF OF BREAD.

THERE is not a better baker than John Barton. His rolls, and twist loaves, and rye bread, and varieties of fancy biscuits, are in great demand. And no wonder that the poor children of the town often look in at the large windows with longing eyes and hungry appetites. One day, one of the most neglected of these boys stood at the open door and called out to Thomas, "Won't you please give me some bread? I have no money; but I am so hungry!" "Come in and rest yourself, while I ask father," was the reply. Mr. Barton said yes; and Thomas put one of the largest loaves in the grateful child's hands.



WASHING AT THE PUMP.

AFTER Jimmy's face has been well washed in the clear pump-water, and his hair nicely combed, he will look like a different boy. There is no excuse for children being untidy at meals or at school, or, indeed, anywhere. Among the swarm of B's, such as, Be obedient, Be kind, Be truthful, Be gentle, *Be neat* is of the most important. Even the birds are fond of a good bath. How they duck down their heads, and splash with their wings until every feather gets a share! and then what a time they spend putting each one into order!



SATURDAY EVENING TALK.

IT is Saturday evening, and the first after the death of Mr. Altston. His widow and her son are sitting by the fire, and talking about how they are to get along, now that the main support of the family is gone. Albert is a thoughtful boy, and fully deserves his mother's confidence. He intends to leave school and take a situation in a store, where his industry and good knowledge of accounts will soon be of great service. To give up the house and take lodgings will be a severe trial; but there seems no help for it, and Albert tries to look forward to all the brightness he conjectures for the future.



TARDY TOM.

KEEP the gate open a minute, Miss Lewis. I want to come in," said a boy, almost out of breath with running. He generally was late at any gathering,—picnics, nutting-expeditions, or fishing-parties; and it is easy to imagine that he did not care to be punctual on more important occasions. "Tardy Tom" is a name justly earned, and, unless he soon changes his habits, it will cling to him through life. Some people are invariably behind time at church, at their business, or when travelling, and never seem to consider how much they inconvenience others.



THE LOST LAMB.

JOE has found a lamb which has been missing for a day or two, and has stopped to show it to Mrs. White and her daughter. The foolish little animal had wandered from the rest of the flock, and was hungry and tired as well as lost. Do you know a hymn beginning,—

“Great Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all thy flock doth keep,
Leading by waters calm,
Do thou my footsteps guide
To follow by thy side:
Make me thy little lamb.”



GOING TO CHURCH.

IT is Sunday morning, and, with her Bible under her arm, Mary is walking to church with her father. He has not been in the habit of going since they moved into the town; but he has at last listened to his daughter's persuasions. How many parents have been influenced by the words of the little ones, and by the books and papers brought from the Sunday-school! One boy took home the book of Proverbs, bound by itself. His father read it, and said, "What a sensible man must have written these wise sayings!" Do you know who did write them?



NEGLECTED ALICE.

A SADDER-LOOKING girl than Alice could not easily be found. She had nothing pleasant about her home, either in the words she heard, or in the things that met her eyes: so it is not strange that she became rude in her manners. Perhaps if kindness is shown her there may be hope for improvement; and the good work may begin by the gift of a bunch of flowers. In "Pond-Lily Stories" there is an account of "Ragged Robin," a boy who peeped through the garden-palings as Fletcher was tying up some flowers of that name, and of the pleasant acquaintance which grew from this meeting.



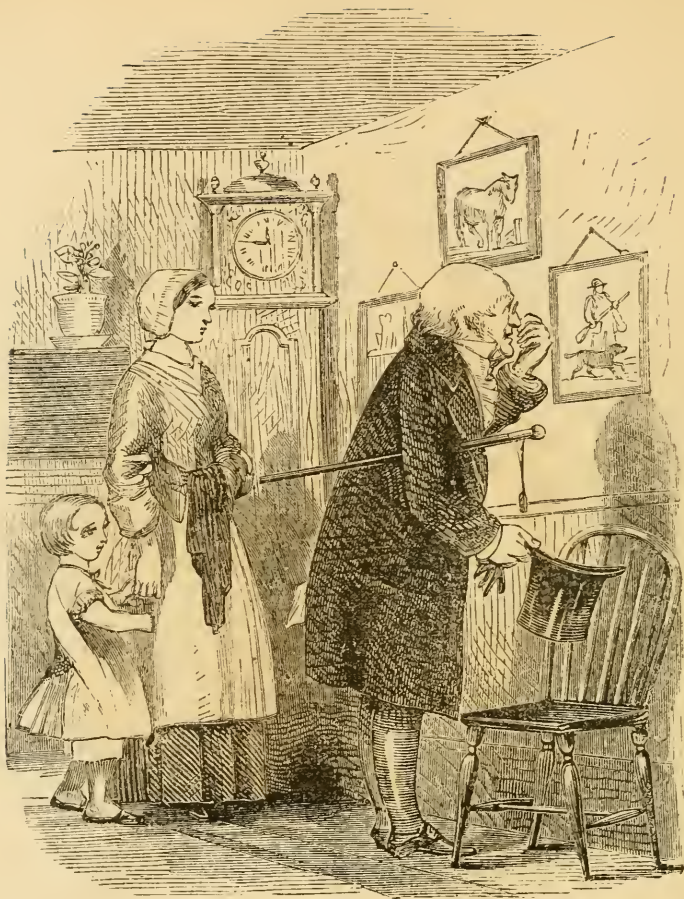
MOVING TO THE NEW HOUSE.

IT will be some trouble to arrange all the boxes and trunks and kettles, besides the three women and the driver, in that cart. The horse looks strong enough to pull a heavy load, and his master is too humane to try him beyond his strength. There are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals; and I wish every boy could be taught how cowardly and wrong it is to abuse dogs, or cats, or horses, and how much more can be done by kindness than by blows or harsh words. I read of a little girl who was so tender-hearted that she had a sort of hospital for lame birds and butterflies, and even toads.



THE WAY-SIDE SPRING.

AFTER a long ramble on a warm day, these girls are glad to drink from the way-side spring. Some rich men in England have had very handsome drinking-places made in the cities, where not only thirsty travellers can be refreshed, but dogs and horses too. One of these beautiful structures has carved upon the stone the words of Jesus, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." Do you know to whom this promise was given? You will find the verse in the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John.



THE TIRED TRAVELLER.

AN old gentleman called at Mrs. Grant's cottage and asked leave to rest on the piazza; and she invited him to come into her little parlour. Lucy was amused at his strange dress and queer ways, and thought he was very curious to be spying out all the pictures before taking a seat. The old-fashioned clock in the corner has a door which opens where the long pendulum swings; and in this closet Lucy keeps some of her toys and books. Sometimes she puts her head inside when the clock is going to strike, and hears what a fuss the wheels make getting ready to do it.



FRIGHTENED CHILDREN.

GET out of my field! Be off with you all!" A rough voice from a cross-looking man startled some children who were gathering blackberries, quite unconscious of any harm. His big stick and threatening manner frightened the smaller boys; and even the others did not wait to hear any more. Mr. Graham was well known as a gruff, selfish farmer, always hunting out stray cattle or fowls or children. He had more trouble than if he had been good-natured; for no one cared to oblige him, and his gates were sometimes opened and his fences let down by mischievous boys who were rather pleased to torment him.



SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BEFORE venturing into his house to surprise his family, the soldier peeps through the window to take a glance at his wife and children. How gladly he will be welcomed! for it is many weeks since any letters from the absent one have reached the household, and distressing fears for his safety have been mingled with hopes and prayers. The youngest of the flock has learned to read since her father went away, and intends to astonish him with her new accomplishment; the eldest boy has a plot of ground to show which has been cultivated by himself; and all the rest have prepared some pleasant surprise.



WATCHING THE BABY.

WHAT can be a prettier sight than a little baby asleep? We forget that it ever cries, or keeps awake at night, or tires our arms with its weight, and only admire the calm sweet face, with sometimes a smile flitting over it, and are almost impatient for the pretty eyes to open. The children in the picture look very lovingly at the occupant of the cradle. Although it looks so innocent now, if it should live it will certainly show angry temper and want its own way. This is because all children have sinful natures, and they need new hearts and right spirits, so that they may become Christians.



QUEEN OF THE WOODS.

HOLD still, Annie, while I put this wreath on your head, and crown you Queen of the Woods, although it is not May-day.

Nero had been in the water several times, for a stick his master had thrown in. "I wish he had sense enough to know how to gather some of those water-lilies that are out in the stream," said Annie.

Her brother promised to get as many as she would like, in the afternoon, when he went up the creek in his boat. He was always willing to oblige his sister, and could not understand the pleasure some boys take in teasing.



THE RAGGED SCHOLAR.

WHAT a forlorn-looking child has wandered into the school-room, where the girls are busy at lessons! and yet some are staring with surprise at the stranger. She has no shoes, and her feet are covered with stockings much too large. The teacher will receive her kindly, and, if she intends to come regularly, will see that she has better clothing. A kind lady in the neighbourhood has induced the poor child's mother to send her where she may get instruction; and, without waiting for any thing except the promise that there shall be no expense, she has done so this morning.



IN THE WOODS.

LOUIS received a beautiful copy of the Pilgrim's Progress as a prize at the last school-examination; and, wishing to read it without disturbance, he chose a seat under the oak-tree. While in the midst of Christian's encounter with Apollyon, he was interrupted by a little girl coming towards his retreat to ask the way to the town. There is a story of a child who was so convinced of the reality of the people and places mentioned in Pilgrim's Progress, that she started off one morning to find some of them, and was delighted to discover a house which she felt sure was the palace "Beautiful."



THE MOUSE-TRAP.

A SUDDEN spring from Miss Puss would soon enable her to reach the table, and then her claws would not be long in attempting to seize the mouse which the children are watching. I knew a boy who had a pet mouse and kept it for many weeks in a cage like a squirrel's, with a wheel and sliding door. Did you ever hear of singing mice? They make faint musical sounds, not unlike the chirp of a young canary; and a friend of mine was much puzzled at hearing it one night, and astonished to find who were the performers at the concert. White mice are very pretty, with their pink eyes.



BUILDING HOUSES.

CHILDREN so large as these do not generally care to play with building blocks ; but on a stormy day, when kept in-doors, all amusements are welcome. There are some very ingeniously contrived blocks with arches and pillars, so that beautiful churches, bridges, and castles can be formed. Alfred used to sit quietly on the floor, while his brothers built a high wall around him, leaving windows for him to peep through ; and they would pretend he was a giant living in his den. Suddenly the walls would come down with a crash, and he would scamper after the boys.



FISHING FROM THE BRIDGE.

THE young fishermen are patiently waiting for nibbles to add to the string of sun-fish already secured. They are not playing truant, but are taking advantage of a half-holiday to get a nice treat for dinner.

Some boys succeed in making very pretty aquariums, and stock them with the water-plants and small fish from the ponds. Care must be taken not to put in too many minnows or gold-fish, and not to feed them often. One gentleman kept a large gold-fish in his aquarium for three years. He called him "Dick."



STREET-MUSIC.

THE organ-grinder has stopped before the workshop with his puppet-show; and one of the men seems as much amused as the children. In London there are several large shows of this kind, drawn by a horse; and the owners are often hired to come to gentlemen's houses and exhibit their moving figures at children's parties. One man manufactures his dolls himself, and they walk and dance and play tricks in a most amusing and natural way. They are not wound up, like the mechanical toys we see, but are moved by strings and wires.



THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A SPIDER'S web, newly made and sparkling with dew in the light, is very pretty. Did you ever notice how regularly the circles are formed, and how fine yet how strong are the threads? An officer found some curious spiders on an island near Charleston, and wrote an interesting account of their habits. The thread they spin is like fine, glossy, yellow silk; and, by placing one securely between two cards, he succeeded in reeling off hundreds of yards from its body. It proved to be strong enough to be woven as a filling for the warp of a small piece of ribbon, and is a great curiosity.



BIRDIE IS DEAD.

I AM afraid Cecilia did not fasten the bird's cage securely last night, and puss has found the way to the door. Cats are not to be blamed for killing birds any more than mice or rats: yet they are often scolded, or even whipped, when a bird meets the sad fate of Cherry.

If cats only have enough to eat, and a warm corner to doze in, they are satisfied, without caring much about their company. But dogs will go without food, and endure great fatigue for those who are kind to them; and they have been known to die of grief after their master's death.



THE CUT FINGER.

NO wonder that Gilbert is screaming pretty loud ; for his finger is badly cut. Grandma is kindly trying to stop the blood ; while his mother and sister have left their work to help and comfort him. The youngster had taken a large knife to make a boat like the one sailing in the dish on the floor ; but, not knowing how to manage properly, his finger was cut, instead of the wood. I think he will not be in a hurry to try his skill again. It is a good thing, however, for boys to have suitable tools and learn something of a carpenter's work.



LEARNING TO KNIT.

PAULINE has never attempted to knit with four needles, until she commenced a pair of stockings for her uncle for a birthday-present. Sometimes stitches drop and the thread gets tangled, so that she is glad to ask her grandmother's help. How many pairs of mittens and stockings, and how many warm hoods and comforters, she has made, would be hard to count. Pauline wonders whether she will ever like to sit in a large chair for hours at a time with her knitting, and whether it will be possible to learn how to guide the needles right in the dark.



ON THE BEACH.

LOOK at the letters on the sand which a girl is tracing, and you can easily guess her name. There are many enjoyments peculiar to the sea-shore. The fresh salt breeze is worth a great deal to the city folks who need rest and change; the sunsets are often so beautiful as to make one feel quite repaid for a journey to the coast; the shells and varieties of sea-weed can be gathered and preserved in such forms as will give pleasure for years to come; and, then, who does not enjoy the refreshment of a bath in the surf?



THE BLIND BOY.

IT is a great blessing to the blind that they generally have a correct ear for music, and can learn to sing and play as well as those who can see to read the notes. The sense of feeling, as well as of hearing, becomes very acute; and in this way they are able to read from letters which we might finger for a long time without finding their meaning. There was a boy at the Asylum in Philadelphia who was deaf and dumb as well as blind, and yet he learned how to make pitchers and baskets, and a variety of other articles, with wire and beads.



THE YOUNG NURSE.

MRS. REEVES has gone out to take home some laces and dresses which she has just finished ironing, and has left the baby in his sister's care. The little nurse can knit very well, while she keeps one foot on the cradle and sings,—

“Sleep, little brother ; you must not awaken
Till mother comes back to her baby again :
Weary and long is the way she has taken,
Over the common and through the green glen.”

Some of the neighbours' children have been trying to persuade Josephine to come out and play with them ; but nothing could induce her to neglect her charge.



THE FLAW IN THE AXE.

LOOK here, father: my big axe has broken at almost the first blow. You said there was a crack at one end; but I thought it would make no difference."

"Perhaps this accident may teach you a good lesson, Harry, not only about your tools, but about more important matters. I hope you will learn to look out for defects in yourself. A boy's character sometimes appears pretty fair to a careless observer, yet when tested by temptation it yields, as your axe did."

"I intend to see where the cracks and flaws are in my conduct, papa. Getting angry easily is one of them, I know."



PLOUGHING.

TO watch the plough moving in a straight line over the field, making deep furrows as it turns up the earth, is an interesting sight to these city boys, who are spending a few weeks with Farmer Andrews. He is explaining to them how the seeds are to be planted, and predicts a fine crop of corn in the late summer, and invites the boys to come and share it with his family.

"I wish," says one of them, "that you would sow some pop-corn. We think it is such fun to roast it, besides liking to eat it afterwards."

"Oh, I have plenty of ears from last season: you shall take home as many as you want."



THE CHURCH-GOING DOG.

DID you ever hear of a church-going dog? Here is a picture of one who always went with the family and behaved as quietly as possible. Generally he was a good example in this respect to fidgety children. But one warm day Towser went to sleep, and perhaps dreamed that he was chasing chickens; for he gave a sudden bark, which startled the neighbours, and himself too, for he looked much ashamed, and slunk under the seat out of sight. Doggie always seemed to know when Sunday came, and would wait out on the porch as soon as the bells began to ring; and if the family did not go, he would walk off to the church alone.



MISCHIEVOUS ROB.

THERESA had a new doll given to her on her seventh birthday, and, with her mother's help, she made some pretty clothes for it, and took pains to put in neat little stitches. For several days the doll was missing; and, from the expression of Rob's face whenever a search was made, Theresa guessed he knew something about the lost child. At last he pointed out the poor thing on top of a wardrobe, where he had managed to throw her. If no bones are broken, his sister will forgive him readily; but I am afraid the arms are off, and trouble will follow Rob's mischief.



JENNIE AND HER GRANDFATHER.

LOOK how carefully Jennie is leading her blind grandfather over the bridge, and how lovingly she seems to glance up into his face. She has lived with him ever since her father died, when she was a baby; and it is pleasant to hear the cheerful way in which she entertains him by describing the birds and flowers they meet in their walks. This habit has induced her to notice many things which otherwise would not attract her attention. I suppose you remember the old story of "Eyes and no Eyes," and how much more some of the boys saw in their ramble than the others?



YOUNG SOLDIERS.

SEE what a company of would-be soldiers Wilfred has collected on Saturday afternoon. He does not intend to be captain all the time, because each boy likes to take his turn in giving orders. They march when he gives the word "Forward!" and "halt" just as promptly; though a real soldier would laugh at their way of keeping step. I read of a boy who used to boast a great deal about what a fine soldier he would be; and yet he was lazy, and disobedient to the orders received at home, and showed none of the qualities which are needed in a good soldier.



LAURA AND ELSIE.

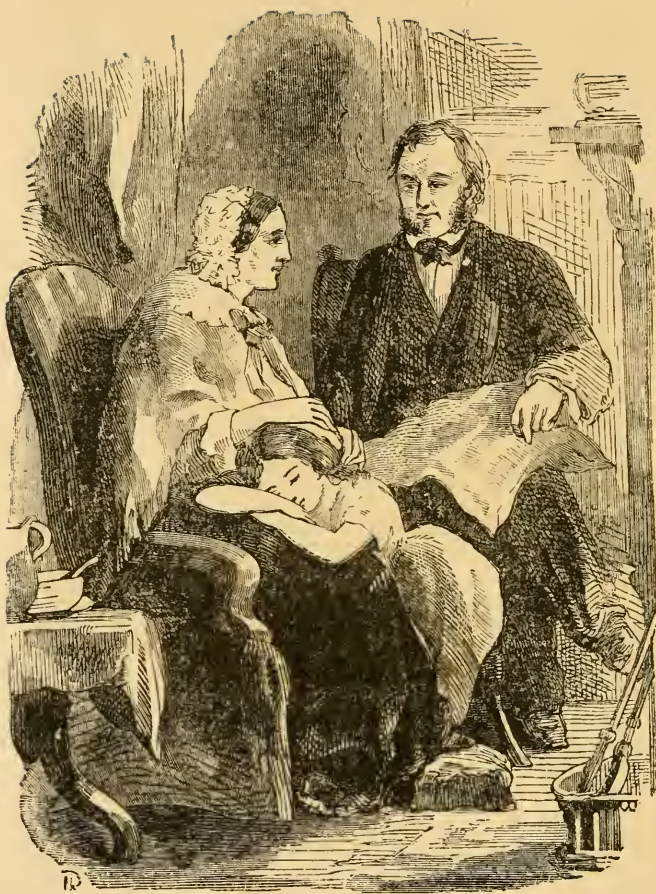
THE weather is too cold for Laura's dog Nixie to be out without his cloth jacket, which his mistress has forgotten. Greyhounds are very delicate, and suffer from the changes of our climate. But the half-clothed children we see in the streets excite our compassion far more than pet dogs. Laura is looking at one of these poor girls, who is trudging along with a heavy basket. The weight is cheerfully borne, however, because a kind friend has given Elsie some potatoes and meat for her mother, and she thinks of the surprise and pleasure a good dinner will be to the children.



TWILIGHT.

THESE six children seem to be waiting patiently for something or somebody. The youngest is asleep, and the little boys will not be able to keep their eyes open much longer. Perhaps they are hoping that Clinton will tell one of his nice long stories before bedtime. He knows how to "make up" very interesting adventures, and his twin sisters think he will certainly be a great author when he grows up. Indeed, there is scarcely any thing they do not think him capable of being or doing.

Clinton's father died several years ago, and he has been obliged to take care of his mother and the children.



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

FAST asleep, with her head on mother's lap, Constance does not know what a pleasant surprise is in preparation for her. The paper contains an advertisement of an attractive new game, and Mr. Wister is consulting his wife about getting it that evening for his little girl.



CHICK-A-DEE-DEE.

WHAT a pretty picture we have here of three lovely things,—a child, a bird, and a flower! Angelina, the doll, needed a sheet for her cradle, and of course her mother must hem it, and has perched herself comfortably on the broad window-sill. Close by is a hyacinth-glass, and on a branch near the sash is a little bird, singing chick-a-dee-dee! Perhaps, if Belle keeps quiet, it will venture into the room. I wonder if it is looking for a good place to begin a nest this spring? Last year a large family of robins were raised in the cherry-tree.



GRANDPA'S WATCH

WHAT makes your watch go, grandpa? Please open it and let me look inside. I have a toy watch; but the hands stop moving as soon as I take out the key."

"You could not understand much about all these curious wheels, my dear; but I will tell you that there is one spring, called the mainspring, which keeps all the rest in motion. Did you ever think how much wonderful machinery must be in your body, to enable you to move your hands and feet?"

"Is my heart my mainspring, grandpa? I can feel it beat, like the watch ticking."

"Yes; you may certainly call it so; and when you are older you will learn its uses."



THE BROKEN LEG.

POOOR boy! He has broken his leg, and is being carried into his miserable-looking home. In some of our cities there are children's hospitals, where they receive the kindest treatment when sick or injured. Books and toys and pictures make the hours pass less tediously, while kind nurses and friends do all they can to cheer the sufferers. There is a sweet story in rhyme about "Little Will," a boy who was very badly hurt in the street, and taken to the hospital, where he heard for the first time of Jesus, from a child who was in a bed near his, and about the happiness this good news brought to him.



RASPBERRIES!

RASPBERRIES! ripe raspberries!" Nelly is calling under the windows of a large house. The lady will be glad to buy some; because she knows the little girl is industrious and honest, and she uses the money she makes on the berries in buying groceries for the family at home, and clothes for her little sister Patty. Girls and boys should be glad to help their parents, and, if needful, help to provide for the "little ones at home."



THE OLD GARDENER.

RALPH is busy raking a plot of ground for Maud's garden, and the chatterbox stands near, asking all sorts of questions, and giving directions about the kinds of flowers she prefers. He never gets out of patience, nor gives short answers, but is pleased to see that she takes an interest in his pets. And, besides, he has lived with Maud's father since long before she was born; and he used to gather bright roses for her baby hands to hold.

Did you ever think of the kindness of God in making flowers for us? They are not needful, and might have been of one dingy colour. But just for our pleasure they spring up everywhere in variety and beauty.



THE DOG AND THE LAMB.

WHAT a cross, ugly dog is in the field by the side of the pretty lamb! The children have stopped on their way to school to look over the fence at the animals. Were you ever in the country at the time of shearing the sheep? The men take them to the stream, and, after a thorough washing, clip off the wool with large scissors; and although it must be a relief afterwards to be rid of their shaggy, warm coats, they do not seem to enjoy the operation of shearing. How much trouble must be taken before your winter clothes are made from the wool on the sheep's back!



THE HAPPY BOY.

HAVE you a little brother who looks as fat and happy as Georgie? If so, I dare say you think him very sweet and give him many hugs and kisses. But sometimes, perhaps, he tears your books, or breaks your toys, or wants to be in the room when you are playing with older children. Then do you get provoked, and call him a tease, and wish he would stay in the nursery? Try to be gentle and patient, even though it is not easy to be so; and when he grows older he will learn better.



GETTING CARRIED HOME.

GET up on my back, Isaac, and you will soon be at home. I am strong: so hold on tight, and here we go."

The tired lame boy was glad to accept the kind offer of his friend who met him in the road. At school Clifton is always ready to help him with his lessons, and has even stayed in from a game of ball at recess to explain a puzzling sum. If there are any lame boys at your school, or any who are backward in their studies, try to find out some way of doing them a kindness.



FEEDING THE PONY.

PLEASE let me feed pony," said five-year-old Will to his brother; "and then do give me just one ride down to the garden-gate."

With many cautions from his sister, the youngster was lifted up and allowed to take his short excursion, and, much to his regret, he was put down at the piazza steps.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed: "I wish I was a great big boy and had a horse of my own! In a year, I 'spect, I'll be as tall as Norman."

"Not quite," said Lizzie; "but I heard something about a velocipede that somebody is to have when father comes from the city."

"Did you? Well, that will do, first-rate."



BABY IS AWAKE.

BABIES generally seem to waken just when everybody in the house is very busy and anxious they should take a good long nap. This little boy's mother cannot leave the ruffled skirt she is ironing, and his sister had just sat down to read her library-book, when Master Frank opened his blue eyes, looked at the bright light from the window, then all around the room, and, seeing no one ready to take him from the cradle, he screamed as if very badly treated. The kind sister puts away her book,—not without a sigh,—and then hurries to soothe the little fellow.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY.

MISS EDWARDS was spending some weeks in the country, at a farm-house. There was no church within five miles, and no Sunday-school for the children whom she met in her walks and drives in the neighbourhood. This was a sad state of things, the good lady thought, and she set about to remedy it quickly. She succeeded in getting leave to have the boys and girls assemble in the district school-house; and, with the help of three or four persons who felt interested in the new enterprise and with the aid of some books and cards sent from the city, Miss Edwards had the pleasure of seeing a good school in operation before she left in the autumn.



THE MINISTER'S CLASS.

THE minister of a small church in a New England town was not satisfied with teaching a Bible-class of young men and women, besides preaching to the grown folks : so he used to get the children around him under the tree near the parsonage, while he heard them read from their Testaments. One of the girls had an excellent memory, and could recite long chapters with scarcely a mistake, and once repeated the 119th Psalm, which, you know, is the longest in the Bible. But the minister was not satisfied without seeing that the words were well understood ; and he explained them in a way that he hoped would make lasting impressions.



THE ANGRY BOY.

WOULD you believe a boy would raise his hand to strike a girl? It seems that Hilburn has heard from one of his companions that Charlotte Raymond called him a thief; and, without waiting to find out the truth of the story, here he is ready even to use his fist in anger. The Bible tells us that "the words of a tale-bearer are as wounds;" and we see every day how much mischief comes from listening to evil reports and yielding to angry tempers. Hilburn will be ashamed of his conduct when he hears what Charlotte did say.



A PRESENT FOR MOTHER.

HERE is a surprise for Richard's mother. Her boy has always been fond of using his pencil, and when very young he could make good drawings of different articles of furniture, and made a likeness of puss which any one could recognize. A year ago his teacher gave him a nice box of water-colours for a prize; and since then Richard has been still more industrious. With great pains, he has drawn the cottage in the neighbourhood where his mother used to live, with the old well and large tree, and has had it framed to hang over the mantel.



A WINTRY MORNING.

SNOW is over the ground, and Jack Frost has put the mercury in the thermometer down almost to zero, and the winds blow hard into Amos's face: yet he trudges merrily on with his sled, thinking of the money he will get for the bundle of finished work. The other night I saw little Florence picking up twelve pins. As she put them in her drawer, she said, "I'll sell them to mamma. She could put the penny in the missionary-box." Perhaps Amos will do so too



I DIDN'T THINK.

WHEN dreadful accidents happen from carelessness, people often excuse themselves by saying, "I didn't think." What is the use of our senses and our reason, if we act with no reflection? A boy sometimes points a gun at a companion, and, when the explosion is heard and the sad result perceived, he says, "Oh, I didn't think it was loaded." Grayson Stevens was angry at a school-mate, and by a violent blow knocked him down upon some boards, which stunned the poor fellow, so that his recovery is doubtful. Grayson was very much provoked, and "didn't think" what he was doing.



LOOKING IN THE GLASS.

THIS is the first time Clarissa has worn her new bonnet; and she takes a long time to arrange the strings before the glass. Her mother is waiting impatiently, and is sorry to see such an evident display of pride. Did you ever remark children in the street, or at church or Sunday-school, who looked as if they thought themselves of great importance just because they had on a new article of dress? The different ways in which they try to attract attention amuse sensible people very much. They had better learn the old rhyme,—

“Let me be dress’d fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.”



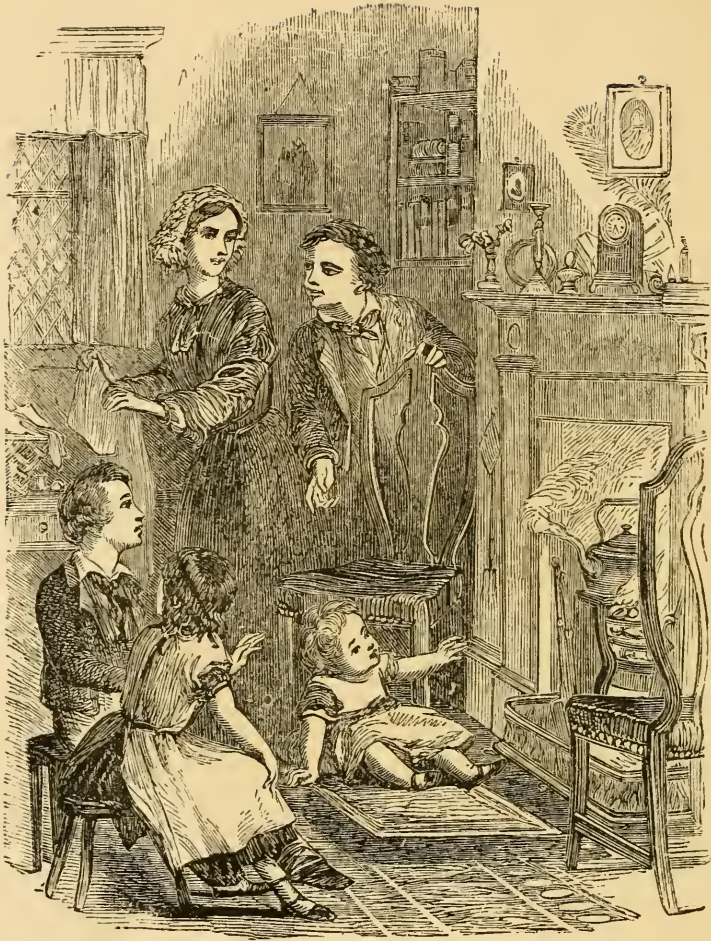
THE COLLECTION.

WHEN the plate is handed around at church, whose money do you give?—your own, or your father's or mother's, which they have handed you for the purpose? Joe Mason always feels that he is giving his own money, because he has earned it and denied himself something he wanted to buy, in order to help some good cause. His five cents or ten cents may not look much by the side of the large notes, but they are far more in reality than the gifts of the richer contributors. Can you think of a way of being useful at home, and of earning the next money you put in the box?



LAZY LUKE.

WHENEVER Luke could get off from learning a lesson at school, or bring an excuse from home, he was certain to do so. He tried as hard to keep at a distance from books and teachers as if they would do him a great injury. So, you may imagine, he was not a good scholar; and, worse still, he wanted to keep his companions from study. You see his slate is held up, with a "tit-tat-to" already commenced, hoping his industrious neighbour will be induced to join him in the game. David does not mean to look up from his book; and it is a pity he has a desk near the lazy boy; for "one sinner destroyeth much good."



A FAMILY GROUP.

IS not this a pleasant room, with the cheerful fire, and the neatly-dressed children waiting with their mother and brother for their father to return from a journey? The youngest is amused watching the bright flames from the grate, and the steaming kettle. Jerry thinks he hears the buggy-wheels; but he has thought so several times since dark, and is mistaken again. The mother is putting away her sewing, so as to be ready to set the table with a nice supper that is being cooked for the tired traveller.



MILLY'S NEW FROCK.

WHAT is the matter with this girl? She holds down her head, and looks as if something must be confessed to her mother which she is reluctant to tell. Early in the morning, Milly started to join some little friends who were to spend a day in the woods; and, instead of wearing the nice calico frock which was suitable for such an excursion, the foolish girl wanted to look fine, and dressed herself in a light barège which had been given to her by a cousin. It was soon torn with briars and stained with fruit, as you may suppose; and Milly's vanity received a good lesson, for which no one but herself was sorry.



NAUGHTY GRACE.

HOW tired Grace must be of sitting still, with nothing to do! Her mother has told her that she must stay quietly in that chair until she is ready to confess the whole truth about some mischief done this morning. A pretty vase of wax flowers was found broken in the parlour, and when Grace was questioned about the matter she would not answer. After a while I think she will be glad to tell how she was standing on a chair by the window, and that, in getting down, her arm shook the table and upset the vase.



MEDDLESOME ELIZA.

ELIZA'S curiosity was so great that she always felt unhappy unless she could peep into every bundle or basket, and hear whatever was said in her presence. This sad failing had led her into many scrapes, but she was not benefited by experience. You see she has now been caught with a lady's cap on her silly head, and a ring on her meddlesome hand. The unlocked jewel-box proved too great a temptation for her prying eyes, as she was dusting the room, and so the contents have been spread out for inspection.



WAITING FOR THE CARS.

MR. GROVER was going to see his sister, who lived in a distant city, and, as he was usually before the time in all engagements, he arrived at the railroad-station some minutes before the cars would start. Having secured his ticket, he sat down in the waiting-room and began to chat with a fellow-traveller. Mr. Grover always looked out for an opportunity of doing good; and any one who watches for such chances will surely find them. The few words he spoke to the stranger were never forgotten; and, like seed sown upon good ground, they sprang up and bore much fruit.



MISS NELSON'S VISIT.

GERTRUDE has been away from Sunday-school for several weeks; but her teacher was out of town, and did not hear of the accident which kept her at home, until to-day. She visits all her scholars regularly, and is always prompt in looking up the absent ones. Gertrude will enjoy Miss Nelson's cheerful conversation and kind sympathy, and will have something pleasant to cheer her after she has gone, for her teacher will be certain to lend her an interesting book.



THE TOY KITCHEN.

LOOK what a pretty toy kitchen is on the floor by Sydney's side. The dresser and the grater, the frying-pan and the tubs, look so nice that I suppose she spends a good deal of time in cooking for herself and Peggy, who is in a very queer position now, hanging over the roof, with danger of a severe fall. There is some flour in the jar in Sydney's lap, and it is to be made into dough, and then put in some pans and baked for bread, or biscuit, or pies, ready for any one who likes to eat them. Children are very fond of making things out of flour; and it would be well if they were as anxious, when they grow larger, to become good cooks and be useful in the family.



LISTENING TO FATHER.

IT is Sunday evening, and the children are assembled in the dining-room to hear their father read and explain a chapter, and then to be questioned upon it, as well as their Sunday-school lesson. The baby will not keep quiet long, and his mother will take him up-stairs; but Elinore can sit up some time longer, and, I assure you, the way she recites her Catechism would do credit to the large boys. They are well taught, however, and have been from infancy trained to a proper understanding of the Scriptures.



THE DESOLATE HOUSE.

WHEN these boys were very young, they lived in this deserted old place. The once pretty garden is now choked with weeds, the roof is moss-covered, the windows are broken and the gate unswung, and the whole scene is desolate indeed.

“The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravell'd pathway
The lights and shadows play'd.”



THE STUDY-HOUR.

EVERY evening, Mr. Atherton spends an hour with his boys, explaining the lessons which they are to recite at school the next day. He is very anxious for their improvement, but only gives such aid as is needful. Sometimes Casper would like the whole of a sum worked out for him, instead of the rule only being clearly explained; and Bertie would be much obliged if his father would just translate some Latin sentences, or find some places on the map.



THE TRACT-DISTRIBUTOR.

JOHN CARR is a great tract-distributor; and he offers them so pleasantly that no one ever thinks of refusing. He knows that Agatha is going in an opposite direction from the right one, this Sunday morning. A little book on the evils of Sunday amusements was in his vest-pocket, and may be useful in changing the girl's purpose. Tracts do not cost much, and every one can buy a few and give them away or leave them where they will be read.



KIND LITTLE ROLAND.

PLEASE give me a flower, little boy? One of the red ones."

"Yes, I will. Wait a minute, and you shall have a big bunch of roses and verbenas, and a lily," answered Roland Hazzard, who is a kind, generous boy, glad to make others happy. When the pale, forlorn-looking fellow stopped at the garden-gate, he was just feeling sorry that no pennies were in his pocket. Roland's money goes to poor boys much oftener than to the toy-store or the confectionery; and he says he will build a "Children's Home" when he grows up.



THE COUNTRY HOME.

THIS is Mr. Pinckney's home ; and a handsome house it is, surrounded with fine trees, and with a large garden at the south side, from which you might pick large bouquets every day and yet the flowers would seem as plenty as ever. Up-stairs, above the bow window, you see two small windows, which look out of a garret-room where Mr. Pinckney's young visitors delight in playing on rainy days. There are shelves where they arrange stones and mosses and acorns ; and when tired of playing store,—which is a favourite amusement,—a strong swing hung from the roof helps to pass the time pleasantly.



AT THE PUMP.

REBECCA is washing her water-cresses at the street-pump early in the morning, before starting with her basket on her arm to walk up and down in the wintry air, trying to sell the fresh greens. Her home is a very long distance from the market; but every day, before light, she cheerfully takes this tiresome journey to earn a few pennies for her mother.

I know some children who shiver and complain at the hardship of getting out of their warm beds to be dressed in comfortable clothes in a warm room. How would they like to change places with Rebecca?



DROWNED IN THE CREEK.

HOW frightened these girls look ! and we see reason enough for their startled expression, when we look down among the floating pieces of ice. A boy has been drowned in the freezing stream, and no help now can be of any use. Perhaps he was skating where the ice seemed firm, or attempting to walk across the stream instead of going half a mile farther to the bridge. Too much care cannot be taken when venturing on the ice. Some boys are foolish enough to show their courage by going into dangerous places.



THE LITTLE STRANGER.

THESE three gentlemen and a lady are looking at this little girl with great interest and wonder. She was brought in from the lane by the man who is standing by the table, who found her crying because she had lost her way. If they do not bewilder the girl by their questions all asked at once, she will tell them how she was sent this afternoon with a note from her mother to a friend not very far off, and somehow—it was impossible to tell how—the right path was missed. After a good supper, Miss Clifton will take the little, tired wanderer home.



UNKIND FANNY.

MOTHER, can I go to Anna Singleton's party to-morrow? Tell me quickly, please; for she is waiting. And won't you go down town with me this afternoon and buy me a new sash?"

"I think I can say yes to your first question; but we will decide about the other matter after a while."

Fanny ran to tell her friend of the permission, and then returned to talk of the desired purchase. When she found her mother could not leave her sick sister that day, she felt so provoked that she said many unkind things,—called her "a baby, to be playing with paper birds" &c.,—so that her mother very properly sent her up-stairs without any dinner.



STEALING A PEACH.

DO you think Henrietta has been sent by her mother to pick the nice ripe peach on which her hand is resting? No, indeed; I think not; for she looks frightened, and seems to hear some one coming. Perhaps she will remember that One does see her, in time to take away her hand and to hurry from temptation. Did you ever read of "Little Willie," who "almost stole an apple," and how sorry he felt after being nearly ready to do so?



THE KIND NIECE.

MR. FISHER is in great trouble about some business matters, and has gone to his study while the rest of the family are at supper. The young girl standing behind his chair is a niece who has lived for several years at his house. If any one can induce him to join the group in the next room, Agnes will succeed; for it is hard to resist her gentle pleading. Mr. Fisher has often said that the whole household seemed changed since she had come among them. The boys were more ready to give up their own way, and the girls tried more to avoid any quarrels: so that the young cousin's example was a great blessing.



FEEDING DICKY.

SALLIE and her brother take good care of their pet canary, never forgetting to clean his cage and to give him seed and fresh water to drink and to bathe in. He is fond of chickweed, and will stand on his perch and pick off the leaves while Sallie holds the branch. Canaries would not live out-of-doors in our climate, so there is no unkindness in keeping them in cages; but to shut up the birds which live in the woods is cruel. If you have pets of any kind, I hope you treat them gently, and remember that they can suffer from cold or hunger as well as children.



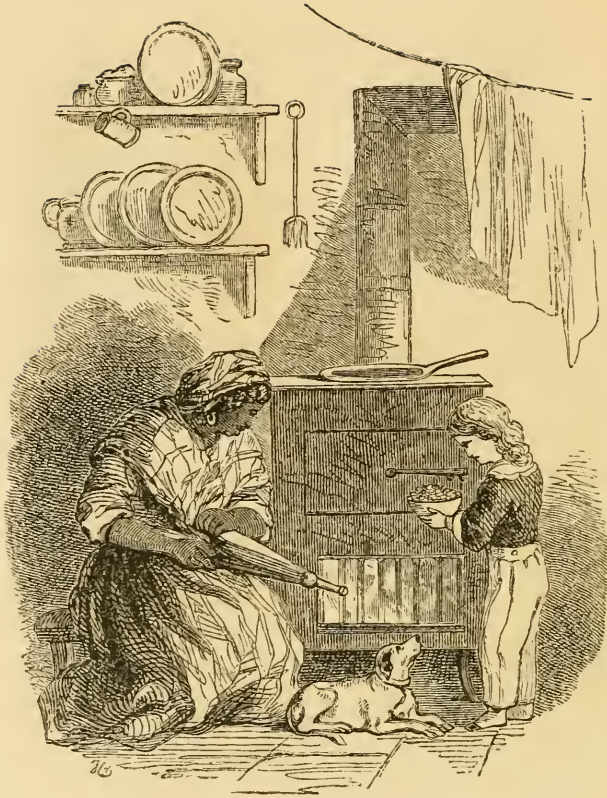
THE MALTESE CAT.

WHAT do you think Jack has put on the floor of the sitting-room in that covered basket? It is a very large Maltese cat which his brother has brought from a long distance for the children. I suppose they will put a red leather collar with bells on his neck. I read of three ladies who had three remarkable cats, and who invited twenty boys and girls (each bringing his or her cat) to a party. Such a time as they had, lapping up milk, mewling, eating chicken-bones, and playing! Some behaved very properly; but others were so greedy and quarrelsome that their owners were glad to send them home.



READING ON A LADDER.

INSTEAD of studying her history, this girl has perched herself on a step-ladder, and is reading a large book which she found on the library-table; and she has no idea how long she has been sitting there. When her teacher inquires about the unprepared lesson, she will probably say she had not time to learn it. Did you ever hear of such an excuse being given, when the time had really been used for other purposes than study? I have; and I think it is no better than a falsehood, and like the reasons which children and grown folks give for neglecting a duty.



IN THE KITCHEN.

DO you like to go into the kitchen when pies or cakes are being made, or to pop corn or roast chestnuts on the stove? Alfred is very fond of paying visits to Violet, and thinks her room much more entertaining than the nursery; and, as he is never mischievous or rude, the cook does not tell him to “clear out,” but makes wonderful gingerbread horses and doughnut men with allspice eyes on purpose for him. She has made a nice pudding to-day for his dinner, and is blowing the fire with a large bellows, to heat the oven.



COMING FROM MARKET.

CORA is coming from market with a basket well filled with meat and vegetables, and some fresh salad on the top, while in her other hand is a pitcher of milk fresh from Mrs. Anderson's cow. It is not often that her purchases are so heavy; but to-day her mother said they must have a good dinner, for her aunt and uncle are coming to see them. Cora is such a favourite with all the neighbours, that, as soon as Farmer Hammond gets near enough, he will call out to the little girl to get in his wagon and ride home.



A PEEP IN THE GLASS.

THE baby is surprised to see what he thinks is another baby in the glass his brother is holding. He will look around and behind it, and never guess that it is only the shadow of his own face which he sees. I had a canary-bird whose temper was so bad that it could not live in the cage with any other bird without picking out its feathers and chasing it into a corner. When alone, it would sing, and chirp, and eat from my hand, and fly about the room quite amiably, until it caught a glimpse of itself in the glass; and then a battle with its shadow would begin, or, rather, an attack upon it.



THE BROKEN FLOWER.

BERTHA called her mother to see what damage had been done to the beautiful hyacinth, which was brought from the greenhouse only yesterday and placed in the window near the globe of goldfish. Although the pot is in pieces and the earth scattered on the carpet, Bertha is glad to find that the roots do not seem injured, and that only a few of the blossoms are broken. But who could have done the mischief? Her mother remembers that the window was a little open, and no doubt the cat jumped on the table to see if there was any chance of getting a fish for breakfast.



READING ALOUD.

JEANNETTE is very fond of reading aloud, and any one might like to hear her, as she reads so distinctly and with such pleasant tones. I suppose many of you boys and girls would dislike to be told that you cannot read well; and yet it is true. You hurry over some words, only half pronouncing them, and omit others occasionally, or drawl out the sentences in dismal tones, or gabble them so fast that no one can understand their meaning. You ought to try very hard to avoid all these faults, and to practise reading aloud until you can do it with pleasure to yourselves and to your hearers.



THE YOUNG POSTMAN.

COUSIN KATE, here is a letter from father. He told me to give it to you the first thing after we came over."

"Thank you, Horace. You are a trusty postman. Now you can run out in the garden and play until you are tired. I think there are some ripe pears on the large tree; and Sam will shake it for you."

These boys like very much to be sent on an errand to their uncle's; and they behave so well that no one thinks of calling them "nuisances" or "torments."



THE BASKET OF APPLES.

THE grandmother of these children lives in the country, and has an apple-orchard which is well known to the boys in the neighbourhood, who cast longing eyes and sometimes even put thieving hands on her pippins and greenings and large harvest apples, which hang near the fence. She has had a quantity of the finest picked and sent to town by her gardener, for some boys and girls in Philadelphia whom she loves dearly. The youngest is a generous fellow, and runs to his mother with his hands full for her, before he takes a bite.



THE NEWS-BOYS' HOME.

CHILDREN in any of our cities can scarcely go out to walk without meeting numbers of boys, usually barefooted and ragged, who scream the names of different newspapers, and offer them for sale in the streets, the cars, and the railroad-stations and steamboat-landings. Some of them have no home, and sleep in empty boxes or in alleys. They are ignorant of the best things, and are often dishonest and profane. Some gentlemen are trying to establish a comfortable home for the poor fellows, where they will be taught their duty to God, as well as induced to save their earnings and become good citizens.



THE PERSEVERING BOY.

DIGGING with a large spade is not easy work for a boy, when the ground is hard and dry; but Randolph is not one to be easily discouraged. At school, when his companions think a sum is too hard to attempt, he applies his wits with so much energy that he soon finds out the right way of doing it, and is far happier than if his teacher had shown him. With this disposition to make war against and conquer difficulties, we may expect Randolph to succeed in all that he undertakes. I hope he will make war against all that is wrong in his character.



WELCOME HOME.

LEO is lying half asleep on the piazza; but in a minute he will hear the carriage-wheels, and then he will jump up and bark so loud as to frighten the children. Old Lightfoot is not easily startled, and will look at the dog's antics as if he thought he behaved in a very undignified way. The gardener will be as glad as Leo to see the family, who are coming home after a week's absence. He has been busy grafting some fine rose-bushes and trimming the grape-vines. The children will run to their little gardens to see how their flowers have grown.



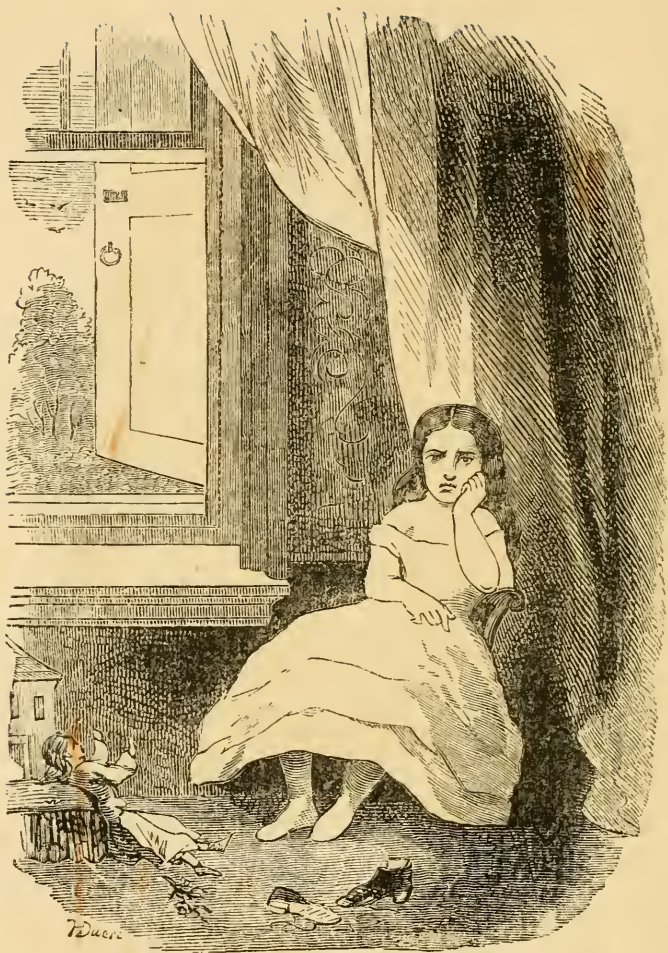
PEEPING IN THE LETTER.

DO you see the postman leaving the cottage? He has given Mr. Barton a letter which puzzles him very much, because it has a foreign stamp, and he wonders who can be writing to him from another country. Instead of finding out by breaking the seal, he takes it to the window, looks carefully at the writing and postmark, and consults his wife about the matter. When he opens the envelope, the surprise will be still greater; for the letter is from a grandson who went to sea many years ago, and whom the old couple long mourned as dead.



A VISIT TO THE LADY.

ONE cold morning, Mrs. Hunter met two poor children in the street. The girl had a basket with tapes and cotton and buttons, and such articles, while her brother carried a large tin basin of sand which he hoped to sell for cleaning marble steps. The kind lady felt interested in their looks, and, after a little conversation, told them to come to her house that afternoon. In order to cover their rags, they had to borrow clothes which were much too large. I think they have found a good friend, who will try to get them suitable employment.



MISS SUSIE SULKS.

A PASSIONATE temper, which blazes up quickly and dies out almost as soon, is a very bad thing; for much that is wrong may be said and done while the anger lasts. But a sulky disposition is as hard to deal with. Miss Susie is in a fit of sulkiness now, and will probably pout for several hours, not answer when spoken to, and look as if she never intended to feel pleasant again. Did you ever know a girl with such a habit?



WHO IS THERE?

THE minister and his wife were away from home, and the children were called to the door by a loud knocking. A stranger—an old man—walked in as if he felt entirely at home, and asked for some refreshment, as he was very tired after a long drive. The girls willingly gave him a good meal, and then expected he would go on his journey, as their father was absent. But he told them he was an old friend of the minister, and, if it was convenient, he would like to rest until the next day, and to start after breakfast.



A QUEER WAY TO RIDE.

THERE are some sea-turtles large enough for a child to ride upon ; but it would be a slow way of getting along, even if the turtle moved at all,—which I think would be doubtful with such a weight on its shell. I know a little girl who had a pet terrapin, which she named Ted, and kept in a closet up-stairs until it had to be cooked with the rest of its brothers. Then she comforted herself with the hope of getting a land-tortoise from the woods, which no one would want to eat.



BUY ANY SCISSORS?

PEOPLE do not often want to buy scissors in the street; and it would be better for Walter's chance of making money if he had articles to sell which are cheaper and more in demand. He is standing near the wharf, and is sometimes amused at watching the people hurrying to and from the steamboats, and the vessels being loaded and unloaded. But much of the time the poor boy cannot help feeling tired and hungry and cold, and discouraged at selling so little. If he had a good pair of stout shoes, he would be better able to do some active work.



LANGDON AND HIS SISTER.

LANGDON has come to his sister for his usual chat before bedtime. She listens to any news he may have to tell of what has happened in his little world during the day, and he does not conceal any faults of temper, or idleness, or unkind or selfish actions, of which he may have been guilty. Ellen always tries to give good advice and encouragement to her brother,—not as if she never did wrong herself, but she shows him that they both need God's help to conquer all that is wrong and to keep in the narrow path.



THE GLEANER.

THIS girl has an armful of grain which has been gathered after the reapers have left. It will not be worth while to take so small a sheaf to be ground ; and perhaps she will arrange it in a large jar with different grasses, to ornament her mother's sitting-room. Rye, wheat, and oats, with wild grasses, look very pretty when dry ; and a few branches of bright autumn leaves, pressed and varnished, add still more to the beauty of such a bouquet. Children in the country can make picture-frames or baskets from acorns and mosses, or collect flowers to dry for herbariums, and thus employ many hours pleasantly.



THE YOUNG WASHERWOMAN.

PATTY is but twelve years old; and, although she does her best at wringing out the clothes, I am afraid she is not strong enough to do it well. Her mother was anxious to get some washing done early this morning; but, as she had to sit up very late to finish her sewing, she has not yet wakened. How surprised she will be to find the kitchen-fire made, the table set, and the kettle boiling, but still more to see Patty at the wash-tub! Patty once made four loaves of bread that were excellent; and she will be a great help to her mother.



THE LOAD OF CHIPS.

A CART-LOAD of chips has just been dumped down, and six little ones are having a fine time playing with the shavings. One looks as if she had a large bundle in her apron, to take home to light the fire; while two others are busy choosing smooth pieces to play with. If there were any boys in the group, no doubt they would like to cut some of the largest chips into boats. We often see children in the street collecting pieces of coal or wood and carrying it to their wretched homes. How thankful those should be who have warm rooms without getting fuel by such means!



WHO IS TO BLAME?

MRS. MORAN and her daughter look equally surprised at the broken pieces of china on the floor. It may not be easy to find out who did the mischief; but I hope no one will be blamed without good reason. When you lose a book, or a toy, or a pair of gloves, do not be in a hurry to say you know your sister or brother must have taken them, or that you are sure you left them in a certain place; because it almost always turns out that they are found in a very different room or corner. A little patient searching would be much better than blaming others unjustly.



SIGHT-SEEING.

LITTLE Hannah and her brother Joe, with Aunt Betsy and Uncle William and Uncle Charles, have come with grandmother to the city on the Fourth of July. They look as if they did not know which way to turn, and are quite bewildered by the strange sights and sounds. The children will be amused at the store-windows, and the crowd of people and carts and carriages; but the older members of the party are anxious to visit the Mint, the State-House, Fairmount, and Girard College; and, as all this cannot be done in one day, there will be some discussion as to which will be visited first.



IDLE BOYS.

WELL, boys, what are you doing this bright day?" said Mr. Parsons, who has a habit of stopping to speak to children in the street. One of the little fellows would not look up or move from the lazy position in which he had placed himself; but the other answered, quite pleasantly,—

"Nothing: we're just playing about."

"You both look strong enough to be busy at some work; and then you would enjoy your play much more afterwards. It is a pity to see boys learning to like idleness. Here is a little book for each of you; and if you meet me near this corner this evening, we will have a longer talk."



THE LONELY SCHOOL-BOY.

DOUGLAS has always been taught at home by his father, and few boys of his age are better spellers and writers, or can answer questions in mental arithmetic so promptly. But he has not had many companions; and now, when sent to school for the first time, he looks very lonesome and unhappy,—not even noticing the boys who are flying kites, rolling hoops, and running around the pole. Perhaps no one has asked the new scholar to join the games; for their own fun is almost all that boys think of when recess comes.



GIVE ME A PIECE?

THREE children, hungry as if they had had no breakfast, are waiting for a slice of the large loaf; and it will need butter to make it taste good. Boys and girls who are not willing to eat dry bread for luncheon had better do without any food until they find their appetites. Lewis and his sisters play out-of-doors much of the time, and are tired enough to go to bed early and sleep soundly; and it is no wonder the cook has to bake large loaves for the healthy, hungry little ones.



CHILDREN AND BIRDS.

WHAT do you think of Carlton's new horse? He declares it is quite strong enough for the baby to ride on its back, if his mother will only hold her there; but Mrs. Ford has different notions on the subject. The cockatoo, perched on top of his cage, is whistling and talking so loud that Edith's attention is diverted from her book. The bird in his house on the table is noisy too: so that her lesson will not soon be learned in such company, and she had better run off to a quiet corner.



COMING TO TOWN.

HERE is Ted Marston just arrived in the city for the first time, and for the first time meeting his uncle, who has sent for him to be an errand-boy in his store. When Ted left his mother and sisters, he could not help a few tears falling, and all the journey he has been wondering whether he will like his new home. His uncle is very strict, and will expect the boy to mind every direction and be early at work; but he is kind also, and will take care that Ted shall have some time for reading and amusement.



DELIGHTFUL REST.

DID you ever see a camel at a menagerie with the great hump on his back? He can travel many miles without drinking. Sometimes the tired travellers catch a glimpse of a few trees far in the distance, and then they are pretty certain water is near. You cannot imagine what a joyful thought this is, and how gladly the men and the camels hasten forward to refresh themselves from the cool stream.



FOUND IN THE STREET.

MISS LANSING met a little girl in the street who had wandered far from home and could not tell where she lived. The lady at first took her to one of the Children's Homes, but was there told that the best plan was to go to the nearest police-station, and the man there would telegraph to other stations a description of the lost child. So the father will be more likely to find the little one than by any other means. When there are parades in a city, many children who wander off are returned to their parents in this way. You should never leave home without the permission of your parents; for even if you feel that you are safe, your parents may be very anxious about you.



RIDING ON THE COACH-BOX.

BEFORE the iron horse travelled through the country, people were obliged to go on their journeys in stages, and be jolted over dusty or rough roads, and forced to spend the night in taverns by the wayside. The driver of the coach in the picture has a school-boy on the box beside him, whose trunk is being put on the rack. After a while, when the horses get out on a smooth road, Philip hopes he can hold the reins for a mile or two, as the coachman let him do when he came home for the holidays.



THE LARGE BOOK.

SIX pairs of eyes, all trying to look at one book of pictures! It must be something new and wonderful, to make them all want a peep at once. One of the most beautiful picture-books ever made is Audubon's "Birds of North America," drawn and painted the size of life. Some of your friends may have it in their libraries, and will let you look at it. Mr. Audubon spent many years in the western part of this country, studying the habits of the birds, and brought home their portraits and their skins.



HAROLD'S BIRTHDAY.

HAROLD feels very happy as he pushes aside the curtain and finds that the morning is clear; for this is his seventh birthday, and he expects twenty-five boys and girls to spend the afternoon with him. He enjoyed riding around the neighbourhood on his pony, while old Jacob, the coachman, rode on Charlie to take the important notes. There will be a large magic-lantern after the games, and then, of course, a feast of ice-cream, oranges, and cakes, or the children might think they had not been to a party.



CHLOE'S BASKET.

MOLLY and her sister have stopped Chloe on her way from the store-room to the kitchen, to ask what is in her basket, and whether she will make some pies and cakes for the picnic which is to come off in a few days. She is very good-natured, and often lets the girls "help," as they say; although her work would get on much faster without them. It is a pleasure to peep into Chloe's kitchen and see how neatly every thing is kept. The parlour and bedrooms might take lessons from her orderly habits.



STEALING APPLES.

TWO boys have contrived to find their way at night from boarding-school to an orchard in the neighbourhood, where they expected to fill their caps and pockets with some of the fruit. A large watch-dog has heard their movements, and looks so fierce that one boy is equally afraid to get down from the tree or to stay where he is. The other feels pretty safe near the top of the fence. It is well for the owner of the apples that the excursion did not prove successful; and we may hope the boys' consciences will be awakened, as their fears have been.



A GOOD SHELTER

THE children have crept into the hollow trunk of a tree, and hope the thick branches will shield them from the coming storm. They do not look frightened, and, indeed, are rather pleased at the adventure, and wonder whether the folks at home are anxious about their return.

"Would you like to stay all night in this queer little house?" asks Norris.

"No, indeed," says his sister: "we would get tired of the fun before bedtime, and hungry too. I shall be ready to leave as soon as we can."



THE SPOILED CHILD.

I WON'T have it! I don't like that kind of pudding!" screams cross, spoiled Johnny.

"Well, dear, you need not eat it, then. We will go and find some cake," says the foolish mother.

No wonder the boy is a torment to everybody in the house, and that visitors go away saying they "never saw such a child." It would be wiser to blame his mother, who has allowed him to find fault with his toys, or his food, or his clothes, and to cry for any thing he fancies.



LEARNING TO WALK.

WALKING is an easy business for you big boys and girls; but when you were as small as Miss Tot in the picture, it was slow, troublesome work, only learned after a number of falls and bruises. How pleased the little one looks to find that her feet can be of so much use! Soon they will know how to take her up and down the garden without the aid of her mother; and then we must expect mischief will be done by her little hands, in picking flowers.



LOOK, GROWLER!

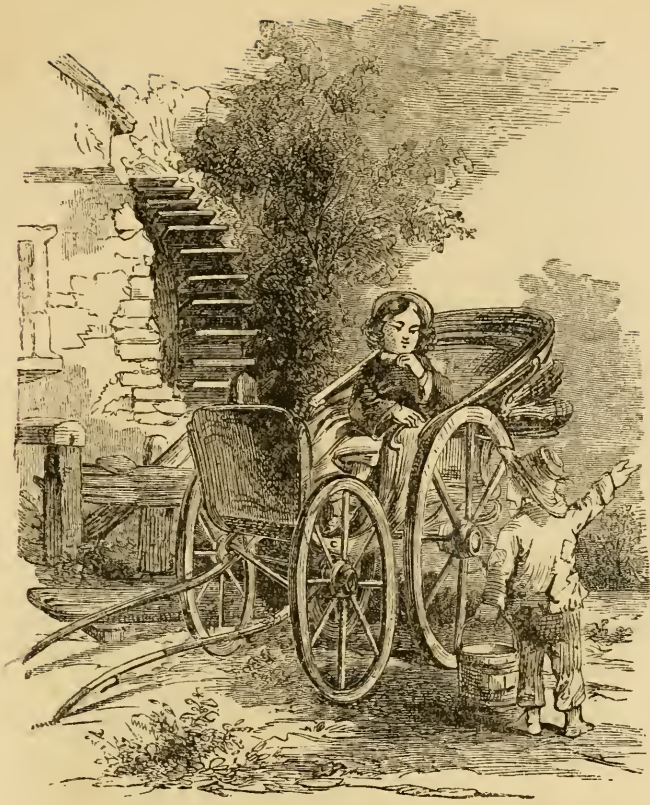
GROWLER deserves a better name; for he is so good-natured that he is really of little use as a watch-dog, and will let any one come into the grounds who speaks kindly or gives him a friendly pat. His particular friend is little May, who toddles after him on the gravel walks, and has even brought a new picture-book for him to admire. There was a "learned dog," some years ago, who could pick out from the alphabet-cards any letter he was told, and could tell the time of day.



TIME FOR BED.

ARMAND, do you know how late it is? After ten; and I believe you want to be wakened early to-morrow."

"I know it is bedtime, Aunt Carrie; but this composition must be finished now. There will be no other chance before examination-day. I think it is a pretty good one,—the best I ever wrote, at any rate." His aunt yielded to the urgent case, without remarking, as she might have done, that this was only another instance of his bad habit of leaving every thing to be done at the last minute.



IN THE CARRIAGE.

LOTTIE has come to spend her autumn holidays in the country with her grandfather; and, although there are no children in the house, she enjoys rambling through the woods, collecting mosses and pine-cones to take back to the city. This morning she has walked down to the old mill, seated herself in the empty carriage, and is wishing old Dobbin were in the shafts and her uncle driving him. The miller's boy is a bright little fellow; and Lottie is amused at his notions, which he is not backward in expressing. Small as he looks, he can read well in the Sunday-school papers which she brought from home.



THE LAZY GIRL.

LOOK at Miss Lazybones! Can't even put on her shoes! Many girls of her age dress not only themselves, but three or four brothers and sisters, and help in various ways about the house. Poor Rosa is to be pitied because she always has some one to wait on her. The time passes slowly, in spite of her efforts at amusing herself all day; and perhaps she may discover that nothing makes a child so happy as constant employment. The busy little girl who lives near has not half the number of toys and dresses; but she is much more contented.



DISORDERLY EDITH.

WHEN Edith was very young, she had a nurse who was unusually careful and orderly, and as soon as the child had done playing with any toy, Sarah always made her put it away in the closet. The blocks were nicely laid in a box, and the dissected pictures in another, and the doll's clothes in a drawer: so that the nursery never looked as some nurseries do. But Sarah was married long ago, and the good habits she tried to teach Edith have been forgotten. Books are left open on the floor, and cups and saucers in the same unsuitable place.



BROUGHT HOME SICK.

EARLY in the afternoon, Annette asked her mother's leave to spend an hour or two with the daughter of a neighbour. The children enjoyed their play until Annette became so sick that Mr. Tyler thought she had better be carried home immediately, as her mother would know what was best to do. A good guess at the cause of the illness might be made if they knew of the green fruit which had been eaten that day. Annette has often been warned about indulging her appetite in this way; but she preferred taking the risk.



AT THE MARKET.

IT is Saturday night, and old Mr. Barton has come to do some marketing at the stall near his house. It is hard to guess whether the person behind the stand is a man or a woman ; but we can see plainly enough the poor girl who looks with eager eyes at the vegetables and fruit and at the gentleman's long purse. If he catches a glimpse of the child, he will be pretty sure to buy something for her dinner to-morrow. Many a child who has been found by him staring wistfully into a shop-window has had its hands filled by kind Mr. Barton, who delights in pleasing the little ones.



SHAKEN AND SCOLDED.

DICK has been caught at last at his thievish tricks, and now is getting well scolded and shaken by the woman whose fruit he has been pilfering. While reading by her table, one evening, she heard a noise in the garden, and, running out, caught the boy just as he was climbing the fence. No doubt he deserves a good lecture; but he hears cross words so often, and receives so many blows at home, that he does not care much for this treatment. Kind advice would be more likely to do him good than all Dame Martin's angry threats.



HOME AGAIN.

LINA has been away from her mother for a week. Her aunt Sophy insisted on running off with the pet to her home, where there are no babies: so this one was the object of great attention, and allowed to have her own way among the big folks. Now she is listening to what has happened during her absence,—how the dog chased the chickens in the garden, and how the cat jumped on to the breakfast-table and knocked off two cups, and how lonesome baby's mother felt at night with the empty crib. How desolate a house seems when the only little one is away!



GETTING READY FOR THE PARTY.

THERE is to be a large party at Maria Raynard's, this evening; and the children anticipate a great deal of pleasure, because last year they enjoyed themselves so much at a company at Maria's house. Mr. Raynard amused them by some beautiful magic-lantern pictures, and a large musical box he had brought from Geneva; and more entertaining still was a tiny bird, made of gold, which looked as if it were alive, moved its head and throat and wings, and, opening its small bill, sang like a canary. Then there was a good supper,—which was a pleasant addition to the other attractions.



A WALK IN THE PARK.

BABY and sister and mother live in a small house at the entrance to the grounds of a gentleman's country-seat. The father is one of the gardeners; and the rest of his family are taking a walk in the park before supper-time, hoping to meet him coming from work. A road from the village crosses the place at one corner, and the direction, "Keep off the grass," is needful to warn travellers, who otherwise would soon trample down the carefully-kept lawn.



ENJOYING A RIDE.

GERTIE is riding on her father's horse, and has no fear of a tumble, as he is very gentle; but her sister is so timid that she greatly prefers walking, to a seat on Fairy. After a while the children will return to the house, for lessons; because, although it is the time of their school-vacation, their mother has no notion of the whole day being spent in play. Both the girls are learning to be neat little housekeepers, as you would see by peeping into their drawers and closets.



SOAP-BUBBLES.

ALL children like to blow soap-bubbles, and to see them fly away in the air or dance over the grass, and watch the beautiful colours which shine for a few seconds. It is a great puzzle to a baby who sees the pretty plaything disappear as he puts out his hand to catch it and finds that his fingers are wet. Balloons of India-rubber are sometimes made of bright colours, and they will float far up at the end of a string. But the smallest hole made by a pin will instantly ruin the toy, and leave only a small piece of shrivelled rubber.



WHISPERING A SECRET.

CLARISSA delights in making mischief, or, at least, she is very fond of repeating all she hears, with a few additions of her own, and so does a great deal of harm. You see she has brought one of her friends out into the arbour, where she can tell her a long story about another school-girl, after getting a promise that it is to be kept secret. How much trouble arises from such tattlers and such listeners! You may be sure something is wrong when your companions want you to promise that you will “never tell” what they are going to say.



LOOKING AT CHERRY.

MRS. SIMPSON is hanging out her bird-cage, and the children have stopped at the fence with their sister, to look at Cherry.

"Bob," says Marjory, "don't you wish we had one like him? I intend to save all the money I can, and buy just such a beauty."

"I wouldn't keep any thing shut up that way," replies wise little Bob. "Dogs and rabbits, or pigeons, are the kind of pets for me."



ON THE BEACH.

WHAT is more pleasant than to sit on the beach and watch the changing water, or the distant vessels, and the rocky shore? Two girls have brought a camp-stool from the hotel, and will take turns in resting on it; although the clean, dry sand would answer almost as well for a seat. Cornelia has never been to the sea-side before, and is so much afraid of the waves that she will not venture to bathe; but her sister has learned to float and swim.



CURIOSITY.

SOME people meddle with any thing that excites their curiosity, as these girls seem to be doing. I read of a physician who wanted to engage a trusty boy in his office, and he left each one who applied for the place, alone for a time, to see if he would touch any of the articles which were put in the room for this purpose. One was a covered dish, which, if opened, would let loose quantities of feathers; another was a plate of imitation cherries filled with red pepper; and there were several other devices to entrap meddlers.



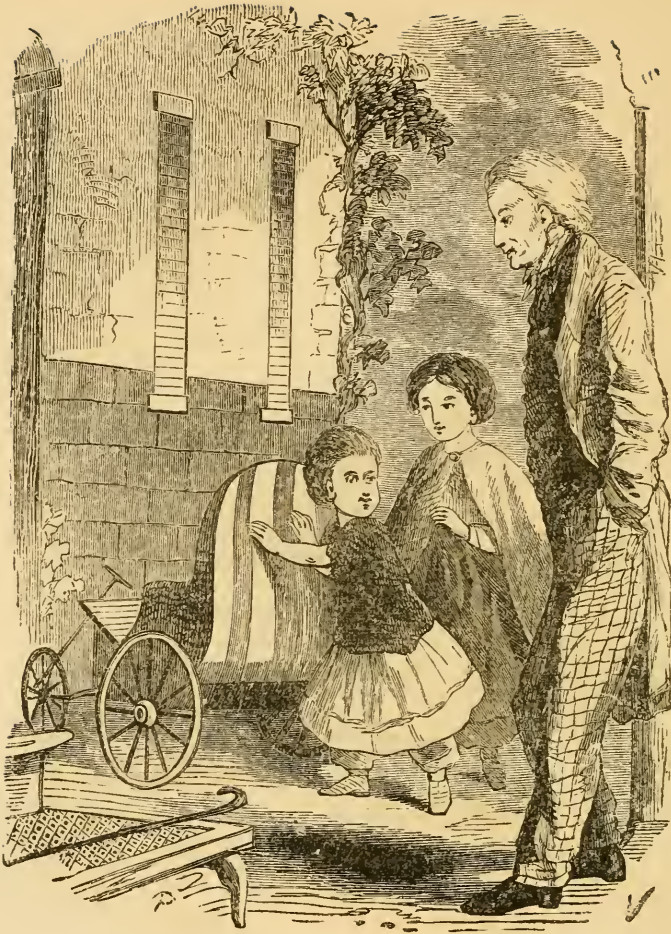
THE KIND DAUGHTER.

LOOK at the kind daughter who has just brought in the breakfast-tray, and is now bidding her mother a loving "good-morning." Mrs. Tarleton would be lonely indeed, without Julia to cheer her and anticipate her wants. Even little children who are thoughtful can be of great use and comfort when any member of the household is sick. How many steps they can save! how gently they can shut doors! and how pleasantly their voices sound, repeating verses or reading to an invalid!



STABLE ON FIRE.

WHENEVER a fire reaches a stable, the horses and cows become so frightened by the flames and smoke that it is almost impossible to bring them out, even if there is time to make the attempt; and many valuable animals are lost for this reason. Rowland was the first to perceive that the barn was burning; and, after giving the alarm, he ran to see about the poor cows. A happy thought came into his head,—to lead the calf out of the door, and its mother would be sure to follow.



THE NEW CARRIAGE.

THE low carriage which this little girl is pushing is not intended for herself or her sister, but for a lame boy, who seldom can get any exercise or fresh air, and whose parents are too poor to buy such a convenient wagon. The children's grandfather promised to give them a certain sum every week for two months, if each corrected a bad habit; and then he added enough money besides to buy this carriage. How delighted the girls will feel to wheel it to Jerry's home and see his surprise!



BIDDING GOOD-BYE.

FRANKIE'S kind nurse is going away, and he is as much distressed at her leaving him as she is sorry to do so. The boy may well love Ellen for all the care she has taken of him, night and day, for three years. His mother is very fond of company and visiting, and never has been much in the nursery. Under these circumstances, what a blessing to the child has been a kind, patient nurse, who taught him to be truthful and obedient, and, above all, to love his heavenly Father!



THE LOST TROWEL.

HELENA is putting her toy-closet in order; and the first step in the process is to take out all the articles and dust them well. Among the kites, dolls, and balls she has found a trowel. Her brother recognizes it instantly as the one he had given up as lost, like many of his possessions. Pencils, knives, gloves, &c. seem to disappear in a wonderful way from his pockets and drawers; but the mystery is easily explained by any one who knows his habits.



THE PARROT.

A PARROT has been sent to Laura by a captain of a vessel just returned from Africa. It is gray, with a bright-red tail, and will learn to talk much sooner and better than the common green parrots. A friend of mine had one which would say, "Who are you?" to everybody who came near its cage; and when told to spell "cat," it would say, very slowly, "C-a-t, cat, cat," and then laugh, as if much amused. Polly lived many years, but at last was frightened to death by a boy with a bundle of clothes on his head.



WATCHING THE BOATS.

IT is nearly sunset, and Conrad and his sister and brother have come to the beach to watch for the first glimpse of their father's boat. The mother is at home, preparing a warm supper for the fisherman's refreshment, and taking care of the baby. Conrad longs for the time when he can join the men on their expeditions: his favourite books are about voyages and travels, and he hopes to be allowed to sail much farther from land than his father has ever been.



MISSIONARY CHICKENS.

SNOWBALL and Jet are Rosalie's chickens, which were given to her when they were just out of the shell. They have been the means of passing much of her time pleasantly, in feeding them and watching their growth; and they have been useful in helping her to do good. Her mother gives her a liberal sum for the eggs; and all of this money is put into a box and given to the treasurer of the American Sunday-School Union every month. How much better this plan is than to spend it for ribbons or eatables, which last so short a time!



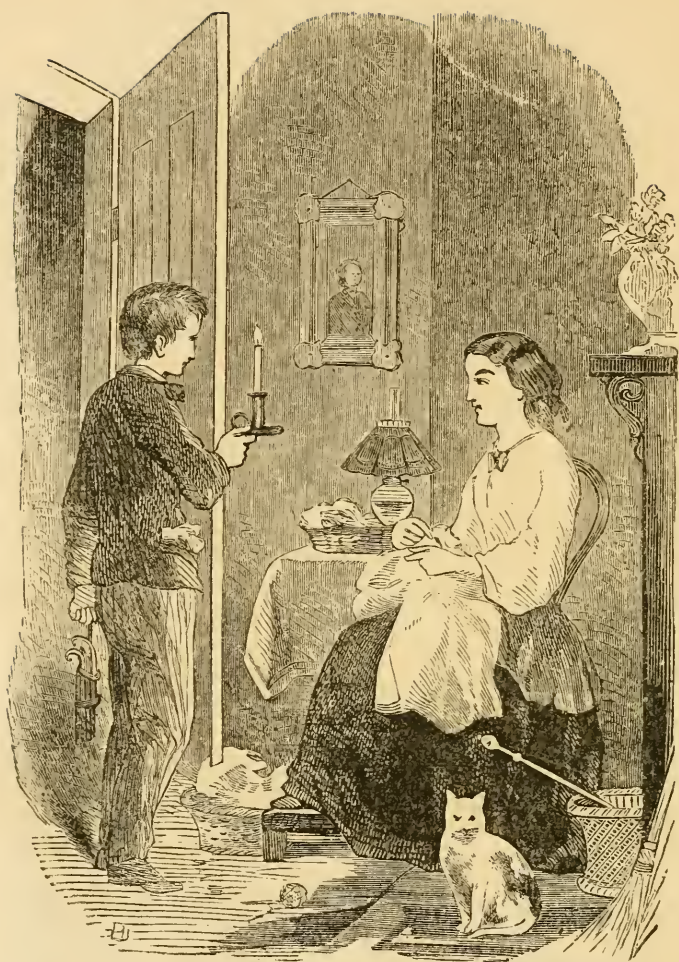
FIVE PETS.

HERE is a picture of five pets. The best of them all is David himself,—his mother's darling. What a treasure he is would take many words to tell,—how he amuses and cheers her while at her work, and how useful he is learning to be. Then comes Towser, who is worth a great deal to his master; then Puss, who gets almost as much petting; and Bunny and Birdie come in for their share of attention. A boy who is kind to animals has at least one good trait; and David has many.



A BUSY FAMILY.

THESE children help their mother greatly while she is working. The baby is under the care of its youngest sister, Martha carefully lays the ironed clothes in the basket, and Jennie dusts the chairs.



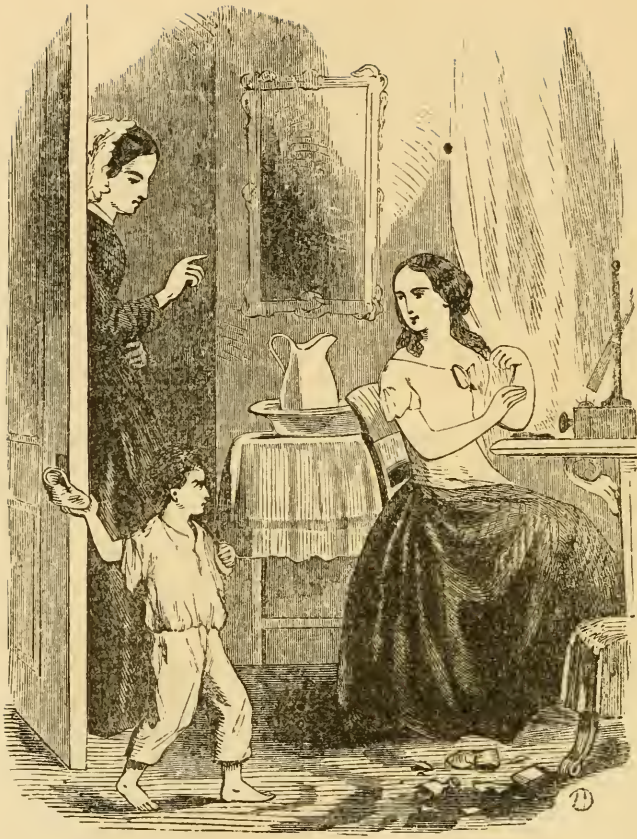
GOOD-NIGHT.

RUSSELL is bidding his sister "good-night" quite early, as he is tired from skating all the afternoon. He enters into all kinds of play with great earnestness, but is very lazy about his studies or any useful work. If he tried half so hard to be at the head of his class as he does to be the best skater or cricket-player, it would be a change better for himself, as well as gratifying to his friends.



STARING AT THE NEW SCHOLAR.

A NEW scholar always feels timid and uncomfortable when going into a room full of strangers; and no wonder, when most of them rudely stare at her from head to foot. The golden rule applies to the smallest actions and words; and nowhere is it of more importance than in a school. What a different state of things we should see if selfish and proud and quarrelsome children were never to do any thing which would be disagreeable if done to them!



ANGRY HAROLD.

WHAT do you think of this boy's behaviour? He is getting dressed, and some trifle has made him so angry that he is throwing his shoe at his mother, and making such an uproar that a lady who occupies the next room in the boarding-house has stopped at the door to see what is the matter. She ought to pity Harold sincerely; because he has been allowed to get into "tantrums" ever since he could show any temper, and now his mother is beginning to reap the results of her indulgence. Sad days are coming for both, we fear.



BOYS AND SLED.

THE bright moonlight shining on the frozen, snow-covered ground makes just such a Christmas eve as we read of in that delightful poem,—“The Visit of St. Nicholas.” In Mrs. Harrison’s pantry are rows of pies and cakes, and hanging in her shed are more turkeys than one family can possibly need. They will not stay there long, however, but will be distributed in the neighbourhood to poor people, who would have no good dinner to-morrow without this thoughtful kindness. The boys have already commenced this work, as you might see by peeping into the basket on their sled.



A DAY AT UNCLE HENRY'S.

ANNETTE and her sister have long been promised the pleasure of spending a day in the country at their uncle's; and you see they have come, and are walking in the garden with Gerald, who is sure he knows the pleasantest way to go. There are so many flowers that they are allowed to pick as many as they choose; and both girls intend taking a bouquet to their mother. Gerald will insist on showing them his pet rabbits and pigeons, and even his pigs, which are young enough just now to be really pretty.



READING BY THE FIRE.

THE day is not long enough for so industrious a boy as the one in this picture, and he cannot wait, even, until the candles are lighted, to read his new book. The flickering blaze is not good for his eyes; but of course he never thinks of that, and feels very comfortable warming his toes by the heat of the fire. The big cat looks equally contented, but much more sleepy.



THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

THIS boy has earned the name of “the little beggar,” not because he needs and asks for food or clothes or money, but because he has the very bad habit of trying to get his companions to give him various articles of theirs which he may fancy. It makes him unhappy to see others own what he does not; and he will resort to the meanest tricks to secure something he covets. His sister is talking to him about these doings. Do *you* know any children who give hints, even if they do not ask outright, for cakes, or candy, or toys?



GRANDPA'S PET.

GRANDPA loves these little girls dearly ; and they are just as fond of him. If Elsie were not so busy, just now, tying her doll's bonnet, she would be perched on his other knee, opposite her sister. Grandpa tells them interesting stories of his young days, when he took long journeys in stage-coaches ; of his brothers, who died before these children were born, and how they all lived on a farm among the mountains ; and then, too, he often speaks of the heavenly country where he hopes soon to go.



DON'T STOP AT THE TAVERN.

IT is a snowy night, as we see by the thickly-falling flakes. The light and warmth of the house towards which the tired workman is looking, seem pleasant and attractive; but we hope he will pass by the gate, and wait until he reaches home for rest and refreshment. There are dangers in the tempting retreat by the roadside. A crowd of men are singing foolish songs, saying wicked words, and drinking whisky, while their wives and children are dreading their return and suffering for the comforts which the money spent at the tavern would bring.

